

FILM INTERNATIONAL

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April, 1975

**PREMIERE
ISSUE**

**ELEGANT
EROTICA
from France
EMMANUELLE**

Karen Black and
The Day of the Locust
Warren Beatty's *Shampoo*
Alain Resnais speaks of *Stavisky*
Flesh Gordon:
The Flesh they couldn't show

Variations on X

Radley Metzger's *Image*
Ralph Bakshi's *Coonskin*
Sometimes Sweet Susan
And much more

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**in the Next Issue of
FILM INTERNATIONAL**

EDITOR'S STATEMENT

THIS IS THE FIRST issue of a magazine devoted — uniquely, we think — to the multi-faceted aspects of the film world.

Film is clearly the predominant expressive medium of our time. The range it encompasses takes in high art as well as low, action and reflection, pop and porn, the experimental and the philosophical. We are also in a time in which there are no longer limits on what can be shown and spoken. The medium, as a result, is in ferment, still seeking an all-embracing aesthetic. Theories as to its meanings and effects abound. Books about it pour from the presses. Everyone, it seems, is a critic, and those writing about films apparently equal in number those engaged in the making of films. In a power-oriented art industry, the critic, too, wields power.

Our intention, though, is to avoid the cultish approaches, the overly pretentious, and to concentrate objectively on what we see and hear, and to interpret accordingly. Because film is primarily visual, we too intend to be visual, lavishly so. Because film involves narrative, documentary, violence, action, sex, humor, comment, satire, animation, and even the subversive—all these will be reflected in our pages from month to month.

Film is also people and personalities, those who appear on the screen, and those who cause them to appear. Some of the most fascinating and charismatic inhabitants of the real world are also inhabitants of the world of film. We will cover them, not as fans, but as intelligent assessors of their abilities and attributes. We have an eye for beauty, the visual, the facial, and the fleshly, and we intend to reveal it. We won't blink our eyes at or turn our noses from the graphic or the pornographic, within the boundaries of what we deem to be the taste of a general audience. Neither will we scant the loftier reaches of the medium. Film is international in audience and scope: so will be this magazine.

Above all, we intend to reflect that deep and growing interest in film that has caused its study in recent years to be included in almost every campus curriculum, that has sparked innumerable societies, institutes, film collections, and crowded festivals. Here you'll find out about what is current, and what is coming along, presented (we hope) with a dash of sophistication, a soupçon of wit, a touch of the controversial, and a careful avoidance of the merely snobbish. No superciliousness here; no crushing criticism for the sake of crushing; no convoluted mental writhings attempting to prove that what some think good is bad, and what others think bad is good. The facts, please: what are they, and what do they mean? For film is a kind of on-going stream, variegated, colorful, and continually changing. There can be no final pronouncements. We think you, the intelligent reader, the intelligent film goer, will like our magazine. By serving our broad interests, we hope to serve yours. Now, on with the show!

Too Much Is Not Enough

By Robert Carroll

IT HASN'T BEEN more than half a dozen years since the pornographic film came out of the closet, and during that time examples of the form have proliferated to such an extent that even the former king of Egypt, Farouk would have been dazzled by it all. I bring up that deposed Monarch's name because he was reputed to have one of the largest collections of pornography then extant in the world, and his holdings were said to be rivalled only by those of a famous film comedian whose otherwise Rotarian image was preserved when, after his death, the family burned the nasty footage. And, since the erotic film movement is attracting more and more notice from the scholarly and critical field, the damage done by that blue fire amounts to cultural arson.

Noticeable lately is how much attention is being paid by the media to the erotic cinema. Television and radio talk shows regularly discuss the subject. Featured performers in porno films are getting as much press attention as the lovelies of the legitimate screen. Sexually explicit film is now virtually a mass phenomena, and if the largest part of the movie audience stays within the boundaries of G, GP, and R, most everyone is at least talking about the meaning and message of X, double X, and triple X movies.

Along with the sexual revolution of our time (which some think to be more theoretical than actual) has come a change in public attitude towards what was formerly taboo. In the more sophisticated circles it is regarded as distinctly square to denigrate

A scene from the erotic *Emmanuelle*.

the porno film. Should someone describe them as "disgusting" he or she is at once categorized as repressed, or neurotic, or hopelessly out of step with the tenor of the times. A more permissible attitude is to say that they are "boring," "they're all the same," and thus account for one's indifference toward the blue medium. And there are those who frankly, courageously admit they like them, and Brendan Gill, the highly respected drama critic for *The New Yorker*, spoke for this group in a recent article for *Film Comment*.

"I go to as many blue movies," he wrote, "as I can find time for. A large portion of the blue movies I go to strike me as being at once boring and fascinating, and what proves fascinating in them nearly always encourages me to sit through what proves boring."

Yet, here is an avowed advocate of the blue movie admitting that porno films are, a good part of

their running time, boring, and those aspects he finds fascinating have less to do with what happens on the screen than with the audiences for the films. He notes who attends, and how they react, who speaks of them, and how they speak, who attempts to repress, and what happens because of the attempts. The fact of the matter is that the porno film, as produced in this country, has become as ritualized and predictable as anything turned out by Hollywood during its Andy Hardy salad days. There is a story hook on which the action depends, and then on to the action which involves organs in conjunction. One can say this story hook is slightly more ingenious than that story hook, but the films are incapable of being rated by aesthetic standards; rather by the amount and duration of copulatory activity, the varieties thereof, and perhaps the degree of attractiveness of the performers. The last word, by the way, is not used in the sense of acting.

Since there are so many who have not yet seen a porno film, the form may continue to expand its audience for a time. But, among my acquaintance are few who go to them regularly. They see one, or two, or three, and back they go to their regular movie viewing habits. Something that is supposed to have turned them on has turned them off, and what is it exactly?

In this regard, a new film from France, *Emmanuelle*, raises some thoughts and issues. It has already established some precedents, one of them being that its distributor here, Columbia, is for the first time releasing an X-rated film. In addition to that, the

(Continued on page 61)

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Publisher: Stan Lee **Editor:** Alan LeMond **Art Director:** Marcia Gloster
Consulting Editor: Hollis Alpert **Associate Editor:** Jean Guck **Art Assoc:** Martin Weisenfeld
Art Ass'ts: Nora MacLin, Barbara Altman **Vice President, Administration Production:** Sol Brodsky
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- 4 Viewing Chair**
Too much is not enough.
Column by Robert Carroll
- 6 Karen Black**
On acting, film-making
and mountain climbing.
Article by Michael Maslansky
- 12 Meet Marika**
One of the girls from Emmanuelle.
F.I. Interview
- 16 Filmom's Vintage Class of '67**
The new breed of directors.
Article by Arthur Knight
- 21 X-periments in Animation**
From Walt Disney to Ralph Bakshi.
Article by Nicolai & Cichy
- 28 All About Radley Metzger... Well, Almost**
The man who has been called
"The Aristocrat of the Erotic."
Article by Hollis Alpert
- 36 Of Resnais and Stavisky**
Famed director discusses Stavisky.
Interview by Claude Beylie
- 40 The Savage Director**
Ken Russell makes big waves.
Article by Alice Steinhardt Wethli
- 46 And The Word Was Made Flesh**
The progression from "tell to show" in Eric
Rohmer's *Six Moral Tales*.
Article by Jon Richards
- 52 "A Hell of A Picture!"**
Mandingo is full of sex, violence and
glamor—a success formula, it seems.
Picture story by Alan Greenberg
- 58 The Monster Makes Out**
A light-hearted parody of Mel Brook's parody.
Humor by Stan Lee



Page 6



Page 21



Page 28



Page 62

Alain Delon: Bad and Beautiful
The French think he's good when
he's good and bad.
Profile by Walter H. Hogan **92**

The Small Screen
Anton Perich shakes up the homescreens
via the Public Access TV channels.
Column by Alan Greenberg **98**

Coming Attractions
Photo stories on *Funny Lady & Shampoo*.
Previews **93**

Film on Campus
The New York University 34th
Annual Film Festival.
Column by Ron Fry **97**

The Unkindest Cuts of All
How the famous Flesh Gordon
was exposed to the censors.
Opinion by Walter Cichy **82**

Watching It: Fans & Fantasies
The audiences at the porno flicks.
Article by Kenneth Turan & Stephen Zito **87**

A Woman's Angle
Slipping back to the 60s.
Column by Barbara Mackay **93**

Film Reviews
Orient Express, Stavisky,
Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore,
Towering Inferno, Godfather II. **97**

Book Scene
The Excitement of the Hollywood Era.
Column by Leonard Maltin **105**

Quick Cuts
The Wilder Life & Others.
Column by Army Archerd **109**

Karen Black on Acting, Film-Making & Climbing Mountains

By Michael Maslansky

"WELCOME TO Tad's Steak House," Karen Black said, throwing a pile of newspapers, soiled linen, and a couple of paperback novels off the fake Edwardian settee which dominated her suffocatingly small portable dressing room inside Sound Stage 10 on the Paramount lot in the smoggy flats of old Hollywood.

"I mean, that's what we call it," she said, airily, pointing to the hideously red flock wallpaper and a patterned nylon carpet of another yet more unbecoming shade of rotten tomato, which someone, God knows who, thought appropriately classy headquarters for the movie star who has been called the "Bette Davis of the Seventies" and who was then busily engaged in playing the richest, most coveted female film role of the year—Faye Greener in John Schlesinger's massive film version of Nathanael West's 35-year-old novel of Hollywood fringe life, *The Day of the Locust*.

Then, as now, some two months before the film is set to open across the country, speculation has been rife about the production which took more than six months to film and cost upwards of six million dollars.

From the beginning, West aficionados have carped that the movie couldn't possibly be done

correctly. And, in New York and London the "auteurs" and the heady "Sight and Sounders" with whom Schlesinger has never been a particular favorite, have countered by maintaining that indeed the novel *could* be done—but then Schlesinger was hardly the man to do it. Witness, some said, his casting Karen Black as Faye. Wrong. Way off base.

Certainly all of Paramount's fond hopes for a critical success and a financial blockbuster have been well broadcast. And the powers there, from the recently deposed Frank Yablans, who initially gave the green light to the project, to Bob Evans, Paramount Studio head, and the newly installed top executive, Barry Diller, are well aware that success or failure depends mightily on how solidly Karen delivers in a role that virtually dominates the action of the film.

It is hardly a secret that many an eyebrow, inside the industry and out, was raised when she was first chosen for the part. Faye Greener, described by Leslie Fiedler as the "most terrible and memorable woman in an American novel of the 30s," is just 17 in West's story and often given to dressing like a 12-year-old. Karen is a little less than half again as old. Faye too is depicted as the quintessential tease—at once tantalizing, cruel, and perversely virginal. In order to buy an

It is hardly a secret that many an eyebrow was raised when Karen Black was chosen to play the part of 17-year-old Faye Greener in Nathanael West's *The Day of The Locust*.





actress playing Faye one must believe her capable of driving a 22-year-old Yale graduate mad with the bone ache and another victim—a numb and bumbling displaced bookkeeper from the Midwest—murderously bonkers when she leaves him. “Faye Greener,” according to Fiedler, is the “blonde bitch in all her archetypal purity”—and Karen, attractive in a raw-boned and gangly way, with small myopic eyes and an overgenerous mouth, just doesn’t, at first glance at least, seem to fit the bill.

Yet according to the breathless few who have already seen the film, Karen Black more than delivers: She becomes the very nerve center of a sprawling, discursive, difficult, and from all accounts close to monumental film. “Christ, she’s good,” one viewer commented after seeing the rough cut. “She’s everything West describes her as—heartless, empty, and sexy—yeah, sexy! And one thing more—not in the book—she breaks your heart.”

Director Schlesinger only smiled when colleagues congratulated him on Karen after the first private rough-cut screening last December. It was said that Schlesinger had spent more than one sleepless night after he and producer Jerome Hellman had committed her to the role, and that his doubts had remained until well after the picture was underway. Now he’ll admit only that Karen is “simply magnificent” in the film, that she had “an uncanny knowledge of how to play a character who is both a prick tease and a virgin” and that “she made Faye live.” “I can’t praise her highly enough,” he adds.

Originally, he and Jerome Hellman had auditioned hundreds of girls for the role—everyone from Andy Warhol superstarlets like Patti Darbinville and model Cyndia Fox to Raquel Welch, who was, according to Schlesinger, amazingly good. “She came to us all dressed up in thirties clothes and gave a remarkably sensitive reading. But, then, really! Who could believe Raquel as a failed dress extra.” Their first choice



was Sally Struthers from *All in the Family* who, says Schlesinger, pointed a new way as to how Faye could be played.

“All the girls we read were so serious, and Sally showed us Faye could be funky and funny too,” Schlesinger said. When Struthers couldn’t get a release from the TV series, he and Hellman decided to take another look at Karen Black, who they had originally rejected as being far too old. She read—and conquered them. Over the protestations of a number of people, including several on Schlesinger’s immediate work team, Karen was signed two months following her first audition. She was filming *The Great*

Scenes from *Locust*, from top: Karen as Faye Greener, “at home,” “on a set,” and with Donald Sutherland (as Homer Simpson.)



Karen Black is simply magnificent in the film with “an uncanny knowledge of how to play a character who is both a prick tease and a virgin.... She made Faye live.”

Gatsby in England when word was relayed to her that the part was hers.

"I was playing Myrtle's death scene when I learned that I had got Faye. It might have been the happiest day of my life," Karen Black was saying in her dressing room. She had just awakened from a nap ("I have to sleep a lot if I'm going to get the energy going for the rest of the day... I mean, it's really important") and was dressed to receive visitors in a pastel woolen dressing gown, light blue and pink and pale green jumbled together in a not altogether pleasing pattern with vague American Indian references. Her hair, cropped short, had been bleached a margarine blonde, which immediately after finishing *Locust* she had tinted back to her natural reddish-brown shade in evidence in *Airport '75*, filmed two months after *Locust* was in the can, and already in the theaters while Schlesinger was still cutting the latter in London. She peered so intently at her guests that one was suddenly reminded of the cautionary word passed on earlier that Karen is virtually blind without her glasses.

"When they bleached my hair for *Locust*, I thought I looked like a woman who had faded away somewhere and probably lives in Brentwood," Karen mused. "I'd walk into the bathroom at night and not know who I was. Then they tweezed my eyebrows to make me look period—1938, '39. They'd never been plucked before and I mean I just couldn't stand it. So after a fight I convinced them to let me do my own makeup. It all changed and it's different. Lighter and more delicate and I don't think I've ever looked like this before on screen."

According to *Locust* crew members, Karen's "new look" took work—hers and theirs. "We labored hard and long to get her that way," Schlesinger says. "Did we ever!" One *Locust* set alumnus recalls the day Karen arrived on set rather grandly and Schlesinger in front of his entire production team pointed to cameraman Conrad Hall and said, "Down on your knees, girl! Here is the man to whom you must be eternally grateful."

She admits that heretofore her screen identity has been cham-eleon-like (she has worked virtually non-stop for six years playing in no less than thirteen films, including three completed after *Locust* was finished), although she has, since *Five Easy Pieces*, fairly cornered the market on the all-American trollop—in all her variations from good-hearted and

and happily amoral (*Portnoy's Complaint*).

"Straight off," she claims, "there is no connection between the parts I've played. Certainly none between Faye Greener and Myrtle in *Gatsby* or Faye and "The Monkey" in *Portnoy*. Myrtle is direct. That's why she gets bloodied up running into things. Faye gets side-tracked.



Karen, on the set of *Locust*, relaxes with a cigarette.

dim-witted (*Five Easy Pieces*) to rapier-tongued and monstrous (*Drive, He Said*) to soft, slatternly, and victimized (*The Great Gatsby*), to sleek, sophisticated,

She never completes a thing. She's closer to me, I guess. You know, I'm a bit like that."

She sat down and began to fiddle with some pots of eye



Burgess Meredith and Karen.



William Atherton plays Tod.



Karen added depth to Faye.



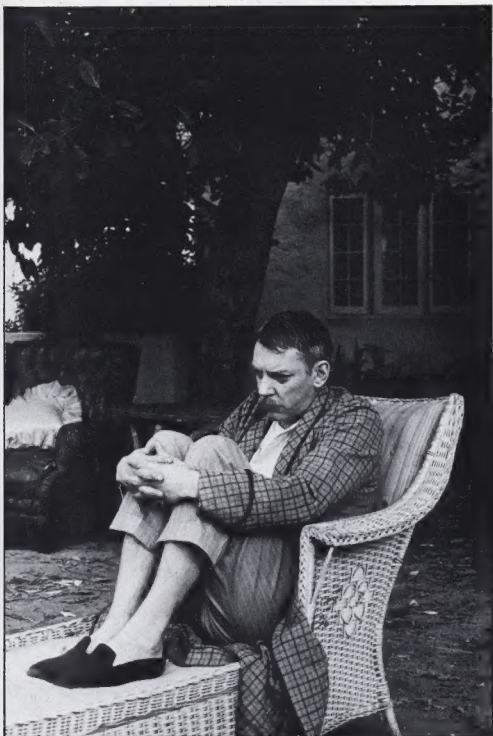
shadow on her tissue- and bottle-cluttered dressing table, regarding herself not altogether uncritically in a mirror perched precariously at its edge.

"I've enjoyed Faye. There is a lot to her. Many sides and I see her viewpoint, really I do. Even when she is nasty and hostile I see why. There's a difference between the way she's written in the book

and the way she is on film. She's light and tricky in the book. I like to play characters who want something very badly. And, reading about Faye in the book is sort of scanning. She's skimmed over in the book. She's colors and light and suddenness, but you can't play that.

"Waldo Salt's script has given

(Continued on page 86)



Schlesinger wanted Donald Sutherland to invest his character with dignity.

"Wanna know how smart I am? When I was in the third or fourth grade we took tests and I could have been in the second year of high school English."

Meet Marika

One of the lovely female stars of *Emmanuelle*.

F.I. Interview

FRANCE, LONG NOTED for the eroticism of its cinema, is actually in the rearguard when it comes to sexual explicitness on the screen. Nudity, yes, to a degree, but censorship carefully veils the sexual act itself from public view. *EMMANUELLE* is the most daring film yet to come from France, though it might strike porno fanciers as distinctly mild compared to such American "classics" as *DEEP THROAT* and *BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR*. What makes it unique is the relative permissiveness of its love scenes, its coherent dramatic theme, and the professionalism of its actors. It should be remembered, too, that the DeGaulle regime took a repressive view of pornography and eroticism, and was in the habit of banning books and films that were not regarded as quite respectable. When Pompidou supplanted DeGaulle, attitudes grew more liberal, and some of the hitherto banned books came out of the closet, so to speak. One of these was *EMMANUELLE*, first published in 1957 and then promptly driven underground. It purported to be the autobiography of a French diplomat's wife who wrote under the



Marika and Sylvia Kristel (cover girl) in two scenes from the film.



Marika, who appears as the love object in *Emmanuelle*, gives us some first-hand glimpses of what happened behind the scenes.



Several of the erotic sequences from the film include (clockwise from top), two dancers in a nightclub scene; Emmanuelle and Bee in a love scene; Emmanuelle and her husband; and Emmanuelle and a friend during a break in a squash game.



name of Emmanuelle Arsan, and there was much speculation as to her actual identity. The first volume was followed by two others that continued the sexual education of the diplomat's wife. When the film appeared, it became an immediate success in Paris and London, and, in France, it shattered the box-office record established by *LAST TANGO IN PARIS*. Knowing that the film was bound to be X-rated here, Columbia Pictures nevertheless broke with its policy of never

(Continued on page 76)

WHEN THE MOVIES were very young, so were the movie makers. John Ford directed his first film at age 22, Chaplin at 25, Griffith was a venerable 28. Capra, Stevens, Vidor, Wyler—virtually the entire charmed circle of America's first generation of studio directors regarded those studios as their university. It was here that they learned their craft and polished their art. Where else, after all, could they go? There were no schools, no courses, no apprentice programs. One learned on the job, or not at all.

Even in those early days, however, the notion that movie making could be taught was beginning to get around. In 1927, what was probably the first course in motion pictures in the United States was organized by Joseph P. Kennedy, then President of F.B.O. Pictures, and offered by Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration, no less. Although a one-time happening, its distinguished roster of guest lecturers included such luminaries as Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky,

Cecil B. deMille, Marcus Loew, William Fox and Harry M. Warner. Two years later, the University of Southern California began offering film courses, with a view toward ultimately establishing a Cinema Department. Today, with a total enrollment of about 500 students, it is the Cinema Division of USC.

While Hollywood took occasional note of this academic institution in its environs, it generally took the form of acting plums for its gridiron stars, like John Wayne and Ward Bond—or, more recently, O.J. Simpson (who actually *was* a cinema student). The career of producer Aaron Rosenberg was launched directly from the playing fields of USC. Until the mid-60s, however, the most that any graduate of USC Cinema—or, for that matter, a graduate from any film school in the country—could say about his scholastic experience was that it hadn't stood in his way. The studios couldn't have cared less, one way or the other, about an academic degree.

Nor is this terribly surprising. That first generation of movie

moguls who ran the studios—men like Louis B. Mayer, Darryl F. Zanuck, the Cohns and the Warners—were self-made, and all too eager to put down anyone who laid claim to authority by virtue of a scrap of parchment. Furthermore, as the costs of production continued to spiral after the introduction of sound, these executives turned instinctively to that coterie of experienced film makers who had grown up around them and had a proven track record. On those rare occasions when they decided to widen their circle, it was invariably by offering contracts to people who had been successful in other fields—to a director like Elia Kazan, a novelist like William Faulkner, a playwright like William Inge. Meanwhile, the film student, armed only with his diploma, beat helplessly, hopelessly, at the studio gates.

With the advent of the 60s, this dismal picture began to change a bit. For one thing, the old order was either dying or being deposed, replaced by a new generation of men who had been to college and were not necessarily fearful of

Filmdom's Vintage Class of '67

education *per se*. For another, the demographics of movie attendance had also undergone a change. Television had long since siphoned off that vast army of habitual film-goers, the people who would go to see anything because it was Tuesday. A Sindlinger survey of audiences in the mid-60s revealed the astonishing fact that the majority of ticket-buyers was under 28, with the preponderance in the 18 to 22 age bracket. Surprise hits like *The Graduate*, *Bonnie and Clyde* and (especially) *Easy Rider*, all with a strong youth appeal and even stronger youth support, emphasized the necessity of shaping pictures specifically for this market. And who, the reasoning went, could know this market better than the young people themselves? Suddenly, the idea of hiring film students made sound economic sense.

At the same time, it should be noted that during the 60s some of the chilling distance between the studios and the campus was also beginning to disappear. Back in 1937, the late Iris Barry, then Curator of the Museum of Modern

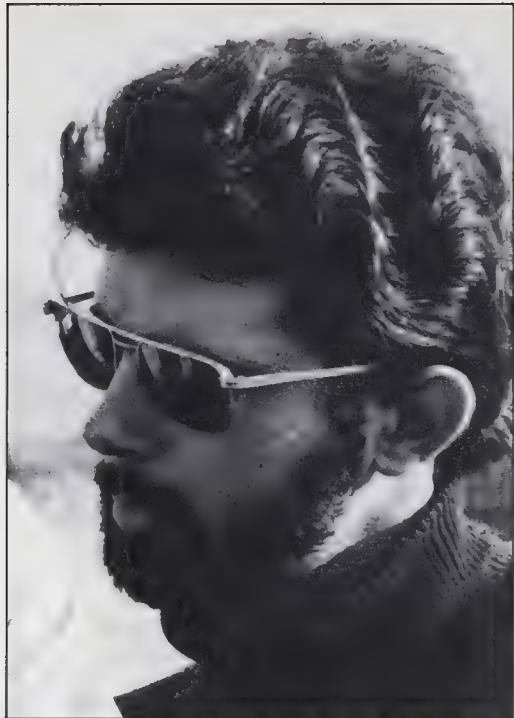
Art Film Library, instituted a Columbia University Extension course that brought in week after week the top producers, writers, directors, actors and cameramen to talk about their work and comment on the creative problems involved in specific films, many of them drawn from the Museum's collection. The fact that the course was offered by two institutions as prestigious as Columbia University and the Museum of Modern Art no doubt facilitated her ability to produce an impressive roster of guests—James Cagney (who crawled under his chair after a screening of *The Public Enemy*), Alfred Hitchcock (then still the greatest English director), David O. Selznick, King Vidor, just for openers.

Certainly, that roster impressed me; and in 1960, when I began teaching at USC, I resolved to attempt a similar course given in much the same way (although, without the Museum's collection of film classics to draw upon, more often than not I showed current pictures or pre-releases). What astonished me from the outset was the willingness of major



Coppola, known affectionately in trade as *Godfather*, was an earlier, influential graduate of UCLA. Above are scenes from *Godfathers I & II*.





A typical USC success story is George Lucas. Below, American Graffiti.



figures in all branches of the industry to give up an evening and come down to lecture, for free, to aspiring film makers—not to mention the willingness of the studios to let us run, also for free, their newest pictures. I recall one evening just before Stanley Kramer was to start shooting on *Judgment at Nuremberg* when he brought with him the full complement of his key production people—production designer Rudolph Sternad, writer Abby Mann, cameraman Ernest Haller, composer Ernest Gold, the editor, the production assistant, the publicist, the casting director, even the two men who wrote the special German material for Marlene Dietrich to sing—and in his role as producer-director he orchestrated the whole, demonstrating graphically not only his own function, but how everyone else entered into the creative process.

Courses such as this are no longer a rarity on the university campus. Arthur Mayer flies people up to Dartmouth every week. UCLA and Loyola-Marymount, both in Los Angeles, draw heavily on the local talent available, as does the American Film Institute in Beverly Hills (which, happily, has begun publishing these instructive sessions as *Dialogue on Film*). The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has also gotten into the act, with an artists-in-residence program designed for schools well beyond Los Angeles' sprawling city limits. Under this program, such famous directors as Frank Capra, George Cukor and Rouben Mamoulian have already spent as much as two weeks discussing their craft with students in the hinterland. Writers Norman Corwin, Millard Kaufman and Stewart Stern, producer Jules Levy, cinematographer Hal Mohr, and special effects expert Linwood Dunn have also participated in this program, generally without fee. They donate their time; the Academy coordinates with the universities and, where necessary, picks up the airline tab.

Even so, most industry figures seem to agree that they get their most receptive, most responsive audiences at USC—possibly because "Hollywood studio" is not regarded as a bad word by the

majority of USC Cinema students. And this may be due not only to the steady incursion of guest lecturers in many of the classes, but also to the fact that a number of the courses are (or have been) given by recognized professionals. King Vidor was, for two years, an artist-in-residence, holding regular classes and making himself available for consultation on student films in progress. Norman Taurog continues to do the same. When Jerry Lewis gave a course (out of which came his book, *The Total Film Maker*), he became so involved that during a nightclub stint in Las Vegas, he flew his entire class out rather than miss a session. Veteran Sol Lesser offers a production course, David Raksin teaches film music, Sheridan Gibney film writing, William Tuttle film make-up, Ed Mosk film law, and Sidney Solow, the head of Consolidated Film Industries, a prized course in film lab procedures, invaluable for the nascent cameraman. In the semester just concluded, A. D. Murphy—*Variety's* Muf—held a special seminar on film economics, of which he is an undisputed master.

To these should be added an extraordinary class offered every third semester since 1966 by USC in association with the Universal studio. Created by Al Dorskin, a Universal vice-president (and USC grad), it is limited to seven students who spend each Thursday with a different studio department. They are free to see what they like, and to ask what they want to know. Universal's President, Lew Wasserman, was so impressed with the questions of one of the students Gary Hughes, that he hired him on the spot. Today, at 29, Hughes is a Universal Vice-President, in charge of labor relations.

But perhaps the most typical USC success story is that of George Lucas, the youthful director of *American Graffiti*. He came to the school as a social science major from Modesto Junior College, with some experience as a still photographer, but none whatsoever in film. He enrolled in Cinema because a friend had told him it was easy. On the merit of his work in the department, he was made a Teaching Assistant,

and given charge of a class training Navy photographers. With them, he made the short film *THX 1138: 4EB*, a frightening glimpse of the computerized world of the future. It was also original, ingenious, and technically brilliant, and won him all sorts of awards—including a six-month scholarship that Warner Brothers had set up at USC at the time, bringing in one student per semester as an observer on the Warner lot.

Fortunately for Lucas, the person he was to observe was Francis Ford Coppola, a graduate of UCLA's film school only a few years earlier. Coppola—known affectionately as "The Godfather" by many of today's young film makers—hired him as an assistant on his next production, *The Rain People*, and encouraged him to make a 40-minute movie about the shooting of that picture, then lent the prestige of his name to insure the production of Lucas's first feature, an expanded version of *THX 1138*. Since that was less than a wallowing success, Coppola again agreed to serve as the titular producer of *American Graffiti*—the only way that Universal could be persuaded to put up the money. Such problems seem to be over. At the moment, Lucas has two films in the works, the first of which, *The Radioland Murders*, should be on the screen by the end of the year.

Which is fine for George, but a glance at the credits of *American Graffiti* reveals something else that seems to be typical of USC Cinema graduates. The actual line producer (he receives co-producer credit on the screen) was Gary Kurtz, another USC student who paid his way through school by running the projectors for film classes and by making himself an indispensable handyman on practically every crew putting together a production. He had worked earlier with Coppola on two low-budgeted films, *The Terror* and *Dementia 13*, before meeting

Lucas at USC. The writers on *Graffiti* were Gloria Katz (a UCLA Cinema graduate) and Willard Huyck, a fellow-member of Lucas's class of '67. (The first draft of *Graffiti* was supplied by yet another classmate, Richard Walters, who now supplies most of the scripts for his sister Jessica's TV show. The Huycks, meanwhile, have reputedly netted a handsome \$400,000 for their script on *Lady Luck*, Liza Minnelli's next movie.) And the sound recording was by yet another Lucas classmate, Walter Murch, who has since performed similar chores on both *The Godfather* and *Godfather II*.

In that same class, in that same year, Charles Braverman produced a 4-minute history of the United States in a pixillated form of animation that deluges the screen with hundreds of split-second images, accelerating and decelerating at the will of the director. Somehow, the short came to the attention of the Smothers Brothers, who put it on their television show, and Braverman has been in constant demand ever since. If you see a hail of images on your TV screen—some moving, some not—you can be fairly sure that the fine hand of Chuck Braverman was involved. Typically, Braverman's associate in these enterprises is a USC classmate, Gary Rocklin, who has gained an independent reputation in the field of TV commercials for his ability to cut film to the tempo of "those who think young."

After Lucas, perhaps the greatest success story in the class of '67 belongs to bearded, burly John Milius. (David Ward, who wrote *The Sting*, was in the same class, but finished his studies at UCLA when he failed to win a USC scholarship.) Milius, who went directly from USC to the story department of American-International, began by writing some of their motorcycle epics. Because of his passion for Americana, he developed independently

The extraordinary success of USC's class of '67 may have been a matter of being in the right place at the right time. Whatever the chemistry is, it seems to be working.



David Ward won Best-story and Screen-Play for *The Sting* (above.) He was in the '67 class but switched to USC.

the scripts for *Jeremiah Johnson* and *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean* (for which he reportedly received one of the largest sums ever paid for an original). Hating what was done to his *Judge Roy Bean* script, Milius returned to American-International and made a deal with them. He would sell them the script to *Dillinger* for considerably less than he could have gotten elsewhere if they would let him direct. A.I.P. took his offer. Milius is currently completing for M-G-M a multi-million dollar swashbuckler, *The Wind and the Lion*, starring Burt Lancaster, which is due in late spring. He both wrote and directed.

At USC, and no doubt at all of the better than 600 colleges and universities in the United States that offer film courses, the ultimate goal of most students is to direct. Ironically, the most direct route to directing, however, is not through direction but through writing. In anticipation of this, USC places its emphasis on the complete film maker. Students may not specialize in camera, editing or sound—and certainly not in directing. In the crews that they set up among themselves for the production workshop classes, they must alternate roles until they have all had at least some experience in every one of the many crafts

involved in the film making process. And while they may find themselves more proficient in one role than another, they are graduated as film makers. Which means that when—or if—they are ever tapped for directing, they are prepared. They know what everyone else can and should be doing.

Somehow, this crew spirit, this sense of knowing how much you can expect from everyone involved in your production, extends well beyond graduation. As John Milius put it recently, "If I have any editing problems, I know I can just call George Lucas, and he'll solve them for me. And he knows that if he has any script problems, he can call me. No charge. Nothing formal. We still help each other, the way we did in school. Maybe not as much now as when we were all beginning, but we can still make that call when we have to."

Physically, USC Cinema Division is housed in the most unprepossessing building on campus—a rough quadrangle of wooden shacks, painted tan, set down in the midst of soaring brick towers and modern reinforced concrete and glass dorms. Actually, it was originally thrown up as a temporary cavalry barracks during World War I. Its single sound stage was formerly a stable, with a hitching post—possibly the last in Los Angeles—just outside the

entrance to prove it. But this is due to change. Even now, with the aid of a \$1,800,000 grant from Mrs. Eileen Norris (the widow of Norris Industries), a new 300-seat theater-classroom is under construction. Jack L. Warner has contributed \$1,500,000 toward a building to house additional classrooms and sound stages. And the students themselves are beginning to worry lest, just possibly, the spaciousness of these future surroundings might not detract from the benefits of the enforced intimacy they now enjoy.

Dr. Bernard Kantor, the Chairman of USC Cinema, admits that this might be a danger, "although the plans for our new buildings call for the same kind of quadrangle construction that we have now. But the main thing isn't the buildings. It's the spirit, the attitude toward film on the part of our students. They want to be professional, whether working in the studios or outside of them. I happen to think that the successes of the class of '67 were mainly a matter of being in the right place at the right time. Maybe five years from now, you can report the same successes for the class of 1970—or ten years from now, the successes of the class of '75. I don't know exactly what the chemistry is, but it seems to be working." □



X-periments in Animation

By Penny Nicolai and Walter Cichy

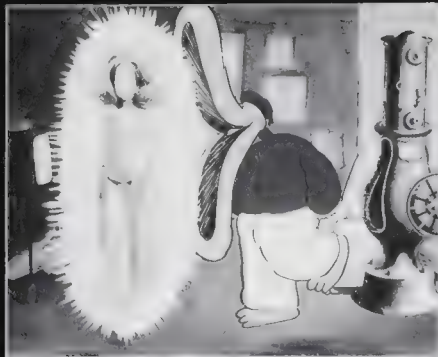
THE AGE of adult animation has arrived. No longer is this well-known medium confined to the Disney-like fantasies that we have known for so many years. Tradition has finally been broken, the old limitations have been done away with, and as a result a whole new freedom has emerged.

Although fantasy still plays an essential role in the field of adult animation, these fantasies are penetrating an area not often explored by the more traditional animators—the real world with all its very real problems. Sex, violence, death, and social comment can all



be seen in graphic and moving detail. The evolution of adult animation has been a slow one, in spite of all the mind-boggling technological advances of this century. Of course, the initial success of cartoon animation can be attributed to Walt Disney. His studio created identifiable characters and put them in situations with a beginning, middle and end. His technique and drive were perfection in themselves, but it took more than that to create a success. Disney's use of quality

Ralph Bakshi, animator extraordinaire, right. Above, scene from *Chuck Swenson's Cheap*.



"Cheap" is the creation of animator Chuck Swenson of Murakami Wolf. He uses a duck as the main character, but it is definitely a far cry from Donald.

music in a synchronized manner forced the audience to appreciate the cartoon as something more than just a moving comic strip. Feature-length cartoons became a valid form of entertainment. Fantasy was the key and escapism was the by-product. The audiences of the 30s and 40s needed something to take their minds off a Depression and a war and feature-length animation provided one of such outlets.

With the popularity of television after the war, animators found they had a new avenue for their work. Characters such as Mr. Magoo and Gerald McBoing Boing became household words and creativity flourished. The demand for cartoons was great, but the cost of producing an animated subject soared. Animation of the type that Disney made popular could not be ground out at a fast pace—it was slow and exacting work. A compromise was then made; a compromise which spelled the eventual decline of the feature animated film. "Limited animation" became the future of cartoons. Not only was the action of the characters and surroundings limited to awkward stick-like maneuvers, but the plots became unrecognizable and increasingly moronic. Integrity went out the door and the factory system entered. The creative outlets in the commercial field were being stifled at the expense of giving the public what the so-called tastemakers thought it wanted.

Then "Yellow Submarine" made its appearance in 1968 and with it came a whole new rejuvenation of the cartoon. Art directors stopped thinking of animation in terms of "The Flintstones" and became excited once again. Flowers, brilliantly colored rainbows and other accoutrements of "psychedelia" became the rage.

Another taboo was broken at about the same time by Alka Seltzer, with the appearance of a commercial series consisting of a little man talking to his stomach.



Swenson's duck in Cheap (above) is "confronted with head trips, insurance rip-offs and modern everyday problems." Animation can, he feels, bring new dimensions to areas of sexuality and reveal more of a character's feeling.

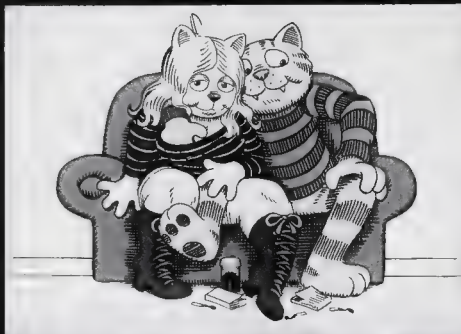
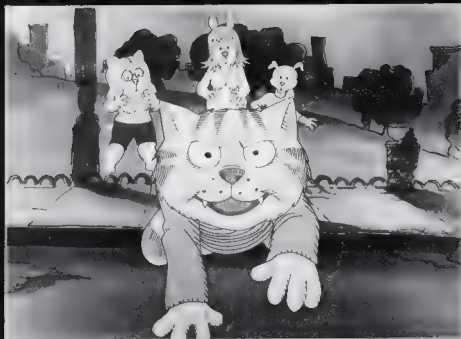
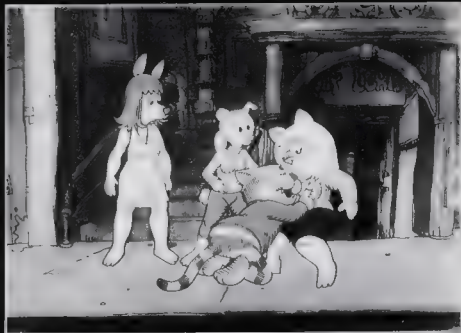
Up until this point, animated commercials were only produced for children. But with the starting of the Alka Seltzer ads, it became evident that animated commercials could and would appeal to adults. Another new wave started.

As the nostalgia craze gained momentum, the old animated style of the 30s was revived. Little round characters with big eyes made their way back into cartoons, as well as the use of airbrush shading on the backgrounds. All of the details were drawn in and eyelashes once again showed up on all the characters.

The new adult market for cartoons naturally led to animated features dealing with sex, violence and real-life situations. The proliferation of Robert Crumb's



Sex, violence, death and social comment are the subject matter for today's adult animators, areas previously considered off limits by traditionalists.



Bakshi's "Fritz The Cat" was based on Robert Crumb's "underground" comic strip. Its scatological dialogue caused it to be given an X rating.

"underground" comics with their explicit sex and iconoclastic satire found its way to the screen with Ralph Bakshi and Steve Krantz's production of "Fritz the Cat," based on Crumb's comic strip of the same name.

"Fritz" did indeed break new ground on an erotic level, but Bakshi's next film, "Heavy Traffic" went even further in dealing with humans in a real world, with real sexual problems. "Coonskin," his latest animated feature, to be released shortly, delves into the problems of being black in America—another first for animation.

Ralph Bakshi, a 35-year-old highly talented animator, uses many of his own experiences from his early years in New York as subject matter for his films. Bakshi's startling combination of live action and animation has produced features which turn animation into an entirely new art form.

It all started with "Fritz," an unabashed blasphemy against the tradition of the cartoon. True, it used the recognized animal as the "hero," but this is where its resemblance to other cartoons stopped. Its concept was totally different. Bakshi recorded conversations of real people on the street and put their words in the mouths of his characters, providing the viewer with a verisimilitude rarely found even in live action. He photographed hundreds of actual backgrounds and sketched them in for an amazing effect.

Given an X rating due to the heavy use of four-letter words (which was unheard of in cartoons), and several "near pornographic" elements, such as a group sex party in a bathtub, this feature was shocking to many, but at the same time, it served to open up the field of adult animation.

"Heavy Traffic," which Bakshi considers his real breakthrough, is an entirely different type of animated feature. A blend of animation and live action, it is a story of human characters and

emotions set in live backgrounds. Naturally there is some exaggeration, but the characters are not dependent on sight gags to sustain their power or personality. They are a very believable cross-section of New York's "street people." Drunks, bar flies, muggers, rapists and suicidal maniacs all make their appearance. Their sexual problems and inadequacies, the growing up of the main character, the corruption and bloodshed all serve to horrify and offend many. But in the words of Willard Van Dyke, film curator of New York's Museum of Modern Art, "it is a brilliantly executed, very important film. However, I would prefer not to be faced so brilliantly, so forcefully with some of the things it presents. If you are not offended by 'Heavy Traffic,' perhaps you are not offendable."

Bakshi has been involved in animation for a long time. He started out working for Terrytoons in New York during the bland, assembly-line period of cartooning. "I was surrounded by talented people being taught to draw junk—what they thought the people wanted," he says in an interview in the *New York Times* of November 10, 1974. "When I saw the whole medium of cartoons being wasted, I thought I'd go crazy. ... Terrytoons were terrified of giving me too much Hekyll and Jekyll to do because I might reveal in the dialogue that they were actually two blacks. They were afraid Middle America might stop their children from seeing Hekyll and Jekyll because Middle America hated niggers."

To him, animation is an art form that has unbelievable potential. "You can do things that have never been done," he says with an eager sparkle in his eyes. "It's like a whole new canvas to paint on. Anything is possible and I plan to go all the way."

"With animation, I can get what I want on the screen," he further explains. "I intend to explore as far as possible. In my



Bakshi considers "Heavy Traffic" his real breakthrough in animation. A blend of animation and live action, it deals with real people with real problems.

mind, animation can interpret better than live film."

He sees the greatest value of "Heavy Traffic" in its technical precedents. Bakshi says he got the idea of combining live action and animation from Hollywood films such as "Anchors Aweigh." "I hated those movies as a child," he says in the *Times* article, "because I had believed in Jerry and Donald Duck and when I saw them with live-action figures, it blew my dream. My reaction was violent. I felt instinctively that the filmmakers were saying 'look how cute we are, combining these two media.' But it was a tremendous put-down of both media to do those things the way they did. I got the idea, even then, there might be a way of combining the two more effectively."

Bakshi is convinced that the use of animation for contrasting fantasy against reality will ultimately offer cinematic opportunities for surreal literature. Franz Kafka and Gunter Grass are some of the writers that he says could never be translated on film through traditional movie-making techniques. However with the combination of animation and photography, the possibilities are endless.

His newest feature, "Coonskin," has an R rating and deals with the blacks' struggle for their rights. It is satiric, ribald, and serious as blacks and whites clash violently for power and the right for human dignity. Leaping from fantasy to reality, this animation-first will—like "Heavy Traffic"—be shown through a blend of live action and animation.

However, not all adult animation is as hard-hitting as Bakshi's. Adult animation on a strictly fantasy level is still very popular. Falling into this category is part of the film "Flesh Gordon." Primarily a live action and puppet-animated film, it contains an extremely erotic cartoon title sequence. Drawn and animated by Corny Cole, this sequence introduces the outlandish sexual possibilities of an interstellar space trip.

Corny, whose cluttered offices overlook the Pacific Ocean, feels that many of today's prominent animators would extend their imagination toward the new wave of adult consumption if feasible

economic opportunities would present themselves. Feature animation is such an expensive, lengthy and risky proposition that only animators who are convinced that their product is indeed marketable, can survive.

Many animators, however, have found a safe ground on which to pursue their art. They take commercials, educational films, cartoons, and other jobs and use the profits to create features. Corny is currently working on "Film One," an animated subject that examines the erotic sources of a man's life-long nightmare. More abstract than "Fritz" in design, it takes a further step in fusing artful interpretations with commercial themes.

"It is not a matter of striving for sensuality," explains Corny, "but knowing that now with today's standards of acceptance, an artist has freedom. If someone dies or gets laid, you don't have to cut to a shot of a train going through a tunnel. You can examine the full emotional context of an action without making excuses."

Another young animator working on adult cartoons is Chuck Swanson of Murakami Wolf. His latest feature, "Cheap," about to be released, has a duck as the main character. "But it certainly isn't Donald," explains Chuck. "My duck is confronted with head trips, insurance rip-offs, people, and modern everyday problems put forth in an entertaining manner." Chuck feels that animation can reveal more of a character's feeling. In live action, you see a character act or say his feelings. But with animation, you can distort to reveal his inner workings. "A guy hits his finger with a hammer," Chuck smiles, "He says 'owwww' and grimaces, but with animation his finger blows up and turns red. Carrying this further into the area of sexuality, the hitherto untouched possibilities are many."

Americans are not the only ones trying their hand at adult animation; the Japanese have also waded into the potential market with two fantasies, "Cleopatra, Queen of Sex" and an "Arabian Night Fantasy." However, nothing, thus far, has been as successful as Bakshi's features.

His new wave, among all others, seems to be the most outstanding.

Adult animation covers a wide field and ASIFA (L'Association Internationale Du Film D'Animation) works hard for the perpetuation of animation as an art form. Presenting the works of well-

tional films also fall into this category. Many are variations on the same theme, but appealing to adults nevertheless.

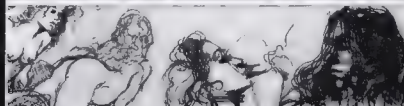
New techniques such as computer animation and moving backgrounds have not contributed as much to this new wave of

images slide, wiggle, expand, contract, stretch, squash and, if given enough information, even appear to turn in space as three-dimensional objects. However, nothing is ever "animated" in the living sense of the word. Nothing moves as if it has a life of its own.

Although this type of animation does hold a place in the field and can really be fantastic at times, it is currently not contributing to the adult animation of any caliber now being produced. Adult animation is indeed on an upswing and is here to stay. □



Animation seems to lend itself to surrealism better than any other medium. Clockwise: Scene from the French science-fiction feature "Fantastic Planet"; erotic title sequence from "Flesh Gordon" explores the sexual possibilities of an interstellar space voyage; psychedelic monsters battle each other in "Yellow Submarine," the Beatles' 1969 animated feature that started the trend toward adult animation.



known animators as well as those new to the field, they do their utmost to make people more aware of animation.

Subjects such as the "Legend of John Henry" by Borsustow Productions fall into their definition of adult animation. Drug shorts, dangers of atmospheric pollution, commercials and educa-

animation as have the new breed of animators such as Ralph Bakshi.

Although computer animation is great in theory, the claims made about it consist mainly of so much publicity from the computer companies. All that has really been seen so far is animation of a purely mechanical nature. The

"You can do things that have never been done," says Bakshi about animation. "It's like a whole new canvas to paint on, and I intend to go all the way."



All About RADLEY METZGER- Well, Almost

By Hollis Alpert

MY FIRST MEETING with Radley Metzger took place in 1964 on the outdoor terrace of the splendiferous Hotel Carlton in Cannes. We had friends in common—Juleen Compton, a young film-maker, and Jesse Vogel, owner of a Paris-based film dubbing firm and later to be a script-writer for Radley, although I didn't know it at the time. Radley, over a noon-hour *aperitif*, was somewhat apologetic about what he was doing in Cannes. He had produced and directed a film called *The Dirty Girls*, which he was showing for potential sale to distributors in a theater on one of the back streets—where most erotic films are shown in Paris. The wave of filmic eroticism was hardly in full flower in that relatively innocent year. Cannes was still the place where the world's most prestigious directors brought their latest opuses in the hope of winning awards from the furies and plaudits from the world press corps, of which I was a minor member. My first impression was that the handsome thirtyish man was an out of work actor, hoping to intrigue some director or producer into employing him. Then it turned out he *made* films.

What kind of films, I asked not too delicately. Well he had this film, *The Dirty Girls*; it was about prostitutes, sort of a semi-documentary. If I cared to take a look at it...

I begged off. There were so damned many films to see... An Antonioni, a Bunuel, a new one by Truffaut. There was only so much time. Perhaps, back in New

York? He

Above and right:
Scenes from *Images*



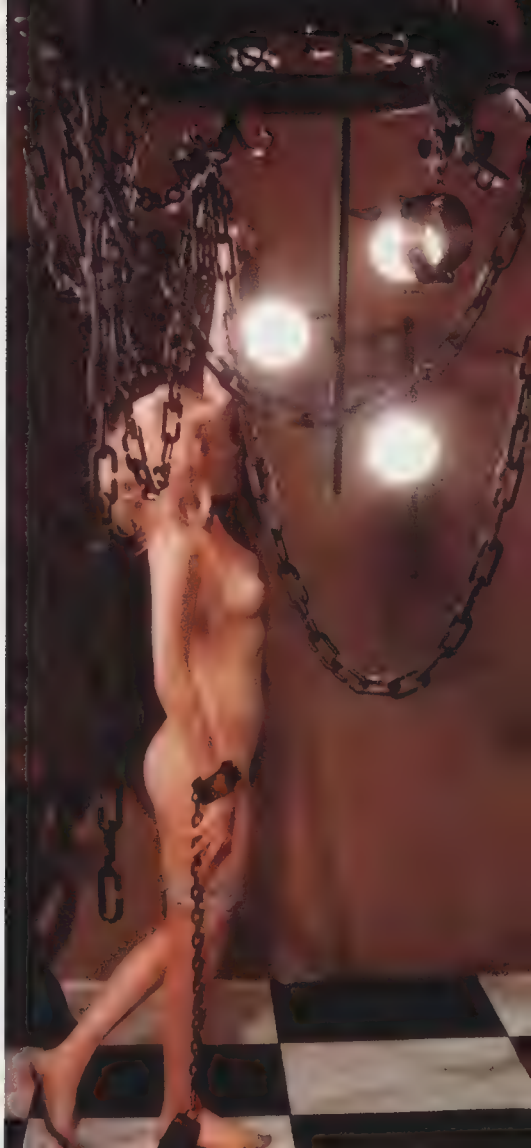
noded, he understood, he was small potatoes in this immense vegetable garden. I didn't know it (who did, really?) but Radley was in his proper milieu, part of the international film scene, moving instinctively into the future.

We'll segue to 1973. *Film Comment*, a prestigious journal, now under the aegis of the Film Society of Lincoln Center, puts the name of Radley Metzger on its cover, and inside, the editor, Richard Corliss, devotes twelve full pages to an interview and examination of the films of Radley Metzger. "The visual and visceral sophistication of Metzger's films," Corliss writes in a laudatory foreword, "demands that they be taken as seriously—and criticized as severely—as any of the more highly touted major-studio product."

Over the years I frequently ran into Radley. He was always the same, polite, a bit reserved, curious about what was happening generally in the film world, interested in what you thought of particular films. If there was a change in him, it had to do with a growth of confidence. Filmic eroticism had become relatively respectable, it was "in," it was a favorite topic of conversation at dinner parties, articles and books were being written about it. Nixon was against it, and therefore to be against it was somehow automatically anti-democratic. And whereas everyone realized that porno films were basically crude and hardly to be deemed artistic, Radley's films were undeniably elegant by comparison. They had mood, atmosphere, they were well shot, and the people he used were often beautiful.

Corliss called him "The aristocrat of the erotic." As I got to know Radley better, I learned that he was not always comfortable to be relegated to that one cinematic area. He had made other kinds of films, some with social and political implications, such as his first, *Dark Odyssey*, and the more recent *Little Mother*. "If you remove the erotic bits from *Carmen*, *Baby* and *Therese and Isabelle*," he once said, "you'll find they stand up as, let's say, traditionally made films."

Certainly that's true of *Therese and Isabelle*, made from Violette Leduc's quite autobiographical





Filmic eroticism was in, and whereas everyone realized that porno films were basically crude and hardly artistic, Metzger's films were undeniably elegant by comparison.



Scenes on this and opposite pages are from Metzger's latest film Images.



novel about a youthful lesbian relationship. Because its few erotic moments were still in advance of the erotic flood that would shortly develop, critics were suspicious of it. There was nudity in it, too, and that automatically placed the picture in a certain category. And there was that theme, Lesbianism, even though Metzger's treatment of it was serious and sensitive, and its decor was not un-reminiscent of Resnais and other exponents of the visually elegant. Times have changed, and Metzger is now regarded as a pioneer. In the "business" he is known as a successful innovator, a man canny about "market" conditions, and with acumen about distribution patterns. In fact, he has two faces: those of film-maker and distributor.

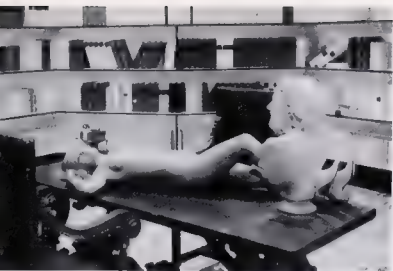
Radley ascribes his filmic be-



ginnings to the fact that as a boy, living in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan, he was prey to an allergy that made him sneeze all the time. Air conditioning was in its relative infancy, but movie houses had it, and by going to the movies he could find relief. "My allergy," he said, "gave me a medically justifiable reason for going to the movies two and three times a day. The moment I sat down, instant relief." His family was not well off, but still, he and his older brother made it to City College. The brother was training for doctorhood, and that, accord-

Scenes on this page are from Camille 2000; On the opposite page scenes are from Liquorice Quartet.





The visual and visceral sophistication of Metzger's films demands that they be taken as seriously—and criticized as severely—as any of the major studio products.

...show the emptiness of
thing that has passed for
(fig.) cause sharp pain to, as
~ed me. 2. Make a thrust (a
3. (arch.). Spur, urge on, (h)
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er, esp.
Ad

ing to Radley, took the pressure off himself, for the family would have liked him to be a lawyer. Instead, he took a degree in dramatic arts, and went on to Columbia for his master's in the same field. By then, he was already a self-admitted film freak and had seen the entire Museum of Modern Art film collection.

"My brother and I," he said recently, "joke now about being in allied fields, for he specialized in gynecology, and I do erotic films. We roomed together at one time, and I used to take his calls. I became pretty expert at diagnosis over the phone."

While at school he did some acting and directing, but it was the Korean War and the fact that he was due to be drafted that gave him his biggest opportunity to move into the film field. He joined the Air Force and wound up in its motion picture unit. "It was a marvelous place to train," he remembers. "I was able to do a lot of experimenting, all on Uncle Sam. His technical know-how came from working on training films for the propaganda unit. After two army years he was accomplished enough to get a job with RKO Pathe as an assistant editor. From that, he moved into

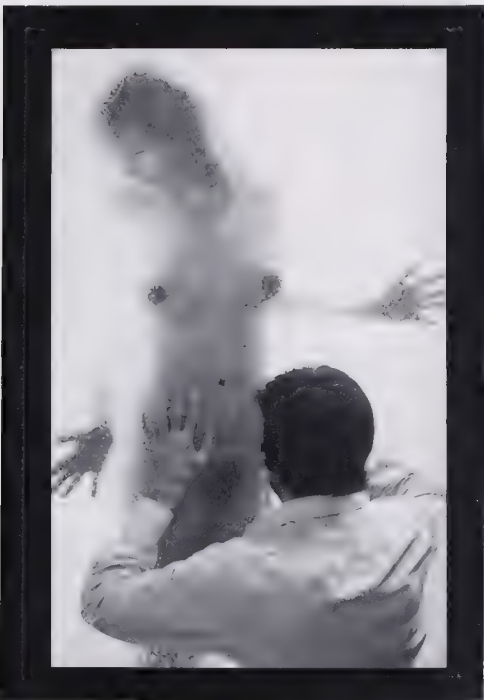
dubbing, and found himself continually employed because of the foreign film explosion of the late Fifties and early Sixties when those films moved into general distribution in this country. He also did trailers for the films, one, for an Ingmar Bergman picture, coming to the attention of the master himself, who was complimentary. He was in position to sense the importance of the French New Wave, for he dubbed into English the breakthrough *And God Created Woman*, which achieved stunning grosses for a foreign film, and brought into prominence a toothsome young



The sequence above is from *Therese and Isabelle*. Below, from *Little Mother*.



Therese and Isabelle was made from *Violette Leduc's* quite autobiographical novel.



actress by the name of Brigitte Bardot. "I not only worked on the dubbing," he recalls, "but was one of the voices. I grunt here and there."

His first film on his own, *Dark Odyssey*, was a self-admitted fiasco, though he staunchly does not put the blame on a partner who wrote the story and screenplay, and was a film editor like himself. "Is there death after death?" he asked rhetorically. "There is, if you make pictures for people who stand in line at the Bleecker Street Cinema." (The Bleecker Street is a little cinema in New York for dedicated film buffs.) No one wanted to distribute the film, about a Greek seeking vengeance in New York for the dishonoring of his sister, and this turned out to be a boon for Radley, though well disguised at the time. It forced him to try distributing on his own, even though the death after death continued wherever *Dark Odyssey* played.

By then, he had found a partner to aid his distribution. Her name is Ava Leighton, and she is still with him, and he attributes much of his eventual financial success to her brains and ability. "I asked myself," he said, "how do you achieve in this business?" He decided the method was to buy cheap and sell for what you could get. To this end, he obtained the distribution rights to a French film he retitled as *The Fast Set*. "No one wanted it," Radley said "because it was reputed to touch

depths of depravity never plumbed before. Which is to say, it showed a woman's bare breasts. It was however a very cute comedy. I wrote the producers and asked how much they wanted. They said, send us five thousand dollars advance on rentals, and we'll trust you for the cost of the print. I said, I'll pay for the print and you trust me for the advance. A lab I owed money to lent me most of what I needed to get the picture for this country. I applied my own dubbing and editing skills, made the trailer, and Ava and I distributed it. It made some money. I wrote the producers asking if they had more films. They had two. I bought one with a sexy little girl in it called Agnes Laurent. But it wasn't sexy enough, so I shot some inserts. I had to hire girls willing to show their breasts, difficult then, because a girl who showed her breasts in film was liable to be denied the bread she could earn from doing TV commercials. One of the girls I hired later changed her name—to Georgina Spelvin."

Established as a film importer and distributor, Radley made the grand move, a trip to Europe. He and Ava screened available films in Paris day and night, and came back with four of them. Two starred a little German girl called Elke Sommer. But his sudden activity in the field caused waves in the woodwork, so to speak. Fly-by-night and schlock independents, seeing what Radley was doing, started bidding for im-

portation rights themselves, and that sent prices skyrocketing. "So then," said Radley, "I asked myself: if I can make a two minute trailer, why can't I make a ninety minute trailer, and have my own feature? I, in effect, did a very long trailer, shooting a sequence in Paris about a French prostitute, and another in Munich about a German prostitute. I first called it *Warm Nights and Hot Pleasures*. But I changed it to *The Dirty Girls*—which is where we came in, isn't it?"

Radley thinks now the title may have been a mistake, this is because of a theory he has that critics are more likely to review titles than pictures. "That word 'dirty' lies there like a dead log." Nevertheless, his ninety minute "trailer" made money, and this enabled him to return to Munich to make another called *The Alley Cats*.

He was advancing step by step, which is pretty much the way Radley advances. He has an instinctive caution, especially if money (his own) is involved. His next big step was to shoot in color, and this he did for an updated version of *Carmen*. First he called it *Carmen Thirteen*, but

Ava, smart Ava, thought up *Carmen, Baby*. The title apparently was worth a fortune, which is what the picture brought in. "A lot of people thought I had bastardized the story, but, in fact, I cleaned it up. There was much more sex in the Merimee story than we ever showed in the film. And the same with *Camille 2000*."

In the midst of this burst of creativity, Radley came across a review of a Danish picture and traveled northward to see it. It was called *I, A Woman*, it starred the Swedish Essy Persson, and Radley obtained the North American rights. He regards it as another breakthrough film, in that its arty eroticism, buttressed by its European origins, enabled it to play in what he calls uptown theaters. The film also involved him in a considerable amount of testifying in courts because of obscenity charges brought against it. Time passes quickly. Today the film would be regarded as having an almost dewy innocence. In any event, its noteworthy success made Radley relatively big time.

He was now emboldened to actually buy a book. His first choice was the beforementioned *Therese and Isabelle*. Meeting Essy

(Continued on page 103)

Times have changed, and Metzger is now regarded as a pioneer. In the "business" he is known as a successful innovator, a man canny about market conditions and patterns.

Of Resnais and Stavisky

Alain Resnais is no less than the outstanding creator of the best of contemporary French films

By Claude Beylie

REMAINING aloof from publicity, removed from fads and passing fashions and producing little work (more than five years passed between *Stavisky* and his previous film *Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime*), Alain Resnais is no less than the outstanding creator of the best of contemporary French films. Yet, each of Resnais' films have met with either incomprehension (a temporary reaction) or out-and-out hostility from both critics and the public. There is no doubt that Alain Resnais' films upset our customs, routines, and comfort. Yet there is something about them that is healthy, alive and stimulating—and at the same time, distressing. His films seem best to fulfill Jean Cocteau's wish, as he expressed it to Diaghilev: "Astonish me!"

Stavisky is an amazing and fascinating film, less systematized perhaps than *Last Year At Marienbad* or *Muriel*, but more passionate, within its carefully designed conflicts. It blends two plots—two situations seemingly as remote as they can be; the spectacular life of a criminal of high thievery, whose pranks kept the French press buzzing for 30 years, and the more mysterious life of a political exile whose influence (unperceived at the time except by a few intellectuals and leftists) was felt very much in later years. In contrast to *Stavisky*, another witness to the end of an era is Trotsky, killed in the shadow of the new, better world. The film is, in addition, a heart-rendering love story, overlaid by unavoidable fate.



Alain Resnais, creator of *Stavisky*, above. On the opposite page: Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer.

tragic film, I'll want to do a musical comedy, then a realistic film and so on. I believe that is the dream of every director. But that is not so easy in practice. First of all, because the directions don't always follow this rhythm and secondly, because the curved mirror that you hold up to yourself doesn't always come to 360 degrees.

In the case of *Stavisky*, this was—in effect—the first time I set down a character that qualifies as historical—having already existed. There are two ways of making such a film; the first way is to do it as

Again, it is an evocation full of charm and bitterness of a world on the brink of downfall. It is a sort of remembrance of things past (like the work of all great dreamers), accomplished without complacency by a man who believes in fairies, fantasy and the magic of performance, but a man who knows that death is waiting backstage and that the playful revels of the night before always have the taste of ashes the next day.

It is difficult to compare *Stavisky* with the rest of your work. This is the first time one finds at the center of your film, a character of this magnitude, a character who participated in the making of contemporary history.

When I undertake a film, I make it a point never to think about the ones I did before. My ideal is that each film should be the antithesis of the one preceding it. I look for a movement of balance. For example, after making a



a documentary, using actual photographs of the time, questioning people who were alive then (they do exist) and who can at least remember the repercussions of what was known as the Stavisky scandal. But I found out that French Television, by the greatest of coincidences, was producing exactly that type of film, directed by Jean Michel Charlier. I met him and we made a 'gentlemen's agreement'; we would each do a film as different from the other as possible, which would complement the other instead of compete. I remember that we dreamed of an ideal film where the viewer could go from one theatre to the other (both our films would come out at the same time) to complete his information.

On the other hand, I should say that I have also never been very satisfied with films in which one tries to create a realistic approach, and then use actors anyway. I always have the feeling that you remain in the middle of the road. Therefore, I chose the second approach, which consists of bluntly playing the game of film, in short, to say to the viewer: we definitely depart from actual history, but then we use actors who bear no physical resemblance to the real characters. It is a little bit like Sacha Guitry asking Jean-Louis Barrault to portray Napoleon (in *Le Destin Fabuleux De Desirée Clary*, 1941). That signifies our relationship to film, to the show. Now, if you wish to know more about the subject of a particular film, there are

books, newspaper articles, and television programs.

The fact remains that you have dealt with a real personality in a real time, and therefore you cannot avoid certain, shall we say, political implications...

That has occurred to me, and to Jorge Semprun, my scriptwriter, as well. The point is to characterize this personality, and the fact that he heralded the end of an era, what I call the end of innocence. Stavisky represented an age where money and luxury were valued for themselves. He had no guilt complex about living ostentatiously. This kind of attitude is unthinkable today; men who have money would rather hide the fact. Money squandered for the pleasure of it is an attitude that disappeared with the death of Stavisky. And let's not forget that Stavisky's death was quickly followed by the Spanish Civil War, the Popular Front, and World War II. Suddenly, by the end of 1935, the European horizon clouded over. One could almost say that the Stavisky scandal, this shocking and fantastic fraud which ended with his mysterious death (it is still uncertain whether he committed suicide or was assassinated) had totally unpredictable consequences. It led to a right-wing government in France that, by its abuses, provoked the counter-revolution of the Popular Front.

This character who is unlikeable, even sordid at first, acquires a value by the end of the story that is fascinating.

I don't know if he was likeable or not, neither Semprun nor myself had any *a priori* evidence at the time. We would have liked to draw a portrait of an adventurer. But that resulted in a phenomenon which is by no means rare; that is, the character started to develop himself, to live with us, much more than we had foreseen. In short, the same thing happened to us that happened to Stavisky's victims—posthumously, of course. He charmed us, we had no resistance to his smile. When a reporter asked Jean-Paul Belmondo if the role he was playing was likeable or unlikeable, he replied, "If he had not been likeable, he never could have perpetrated such fantastic frauds!"

Furthermore, I think that Stavisky had been, to a certain extent, deluded by himself and his vast dealings. When he died, it was a well-known fact that he was nearly ruined. He hadn't put anything aside. This wasn't at all the man who put his money in Switzerland for his retirement. No... he even had the ambitions of an economist. He had a plan to abolish unemployment in Europe!

He also had a great lust for life, a lust for happiness, and at the same time a fear of death. He never would have accepted old age. All this became extremely moving to us. And this became the main subject of the film—the race against death, even though death itself is inevitable...

He was also a man of spectacle.

Yes, and that makes it twice as attractive for a film maker. It is certain that Stavisky lived in a perpetual state of ostentation. He bought the Empire theatre and even participated in the production of films.

One can compare him to Citizen Kane, to Howard Hughes, to those men who, as Cocteau said, "have always lived above the norms of their time."

I believe one could go even further, and say that

Stavisky is a symbol of our contemporary society, spoiled by inflation.

To go back to the theatre, it seems to me that the idea of theatricality in your films is on several levels. Stavisky is presented a bit like tragi-comedy with characters who appear to be suddenly rising up out of a luxurious coffin...

When I began to think about the characters, I had envisioned them a bit like marionettes. I wanted to put them in the kind of boxes you see in the theatre of Guignol—a Guignol tragedy, of course. I sought to emphasize this in the direction.

You had even foreseen the end of the film, I believe in a sequence at the Grevin Museum.

Yes, but this was probably due to a childhood memory. When I was 12 years old, I remember going to the Grevin Museum and seeing a wax statue of Stavisky. This kind of suspension in immortality fascinated me and influenced me in spite of myself.

Can we speak a little of Arlette?

Arlette is an extremely moving character who would have merited a film by herself. I had been struck by the great passion that Stavisky had always had for her, and I sought to evoke this intense love. Since Stavisky had this passionate lust for happiness of which we were just speaking, it was certain that he wished to give every minute of his life to his lucky wife.

On the whole, then, you dealt with someone who was completely out of the ordinary. He had a devastating quality, a breadth that is, as Orson Welles would say, a "character"...

Yes, one could conclude about him that, as Marlene Dietrich said about Quinlan in *Touch Of Evil*, "He was a kind of man." There was something incontestable about him, something of the Shakespearean hero.

You have sought then, in short, to give him a certain tragic depth, at the cost of the literal interpretation of history? And that explains the deception some French viewers felt?

Definitely, the ones who regret not having helped in a documentary. But you must understand that this documentary should have to be rather sacred, due to the consequences of Stavisky's death, or "the affair," to be correct. That itself would have made another film. Scandal for scandal, it would be better in this case to seek our pastures in France in 1973 or 1974...

Aside from Stavisky, there is a character of great importance in the wings, and that is Trotsky. Some people have rebuked you for this intrusion, judging it as something a bit contrived, superficial.

Trotsky is included in the film purely for dramatic composition. When I do a film (especially since *Hiroshima Mon Amour*) I like very much to put on the screen things that don't go together, or even appear to contradict one another, to see what happens. I also like it to have several tempos, like in music; in order to heighten a brilliant and fast-moving theme in full force, it is normal for the composer to use a second theme in a different tonality—slow and melancholy, for example. In short, I attach a great deal of

importance to the structure of the film and to its movement.

There was also the problem, in a film like this, of evoking the year 1933; since I had neither the financial means nor the desire to devote myself to a minute reconstruction, I looked for slightly unrealistic ways of suggesting the environment, the atmosphere. Furthermore, rather than reconstruct the entire street scene of Paris, I was content with a kind of presentation which would release the dream-world of the viewer. It's a little like when a comic book artist suddenly obliterates the background behind a character in a drawing. Yves St. Laurent did the same thing in creating imaginary clothes for Anny Duperey. I can also say that, without going as far as a pastiche, I have tried to put myself into the skin of a director of 1933, to find sequences, movements of objects within the film which could have been done during that time (with the understanding that, in editing, I again become a film maker in 1974).

Therefore, to evoke 1933, I needed extra characters. You've heard of Sacha Guitry and Giraudoux, but I could have also taken Maurice Chevalier or Mistinguett. It was Jorge Semprun who told me, "Have you looked for people associated with politics?" He had thought of Trotsky, especially since he heavily emphasized the ironic side of history, interlacing destinies that never actually crossed, but which were nevertheless linked, even if they never met.

Trotsky was chosen a bit like the postcard pictures that put a tree branch in the foreground to give the impression of perspective. In no way did I intend to establish a parallel. It is curious that it was as an after-thought that I realized what there was in common between him and Stavisky, coincidentally of course. For example, both of them were exiles, there was a police inspector in charge of the search for Trotsky who had also participated in the Stavisky affair, the newspapers occasionally linked their names, and both of them were finally rejected by the society of "honest men"—for entirely different reasons. So unknown to us, they were naturally linked.

Trotsky also had a woman beside him, Natalya, with whom he was in love.

It's true that the Trotsky couple in its way, is as exemplary as the Stavisky couple. I had never dreamed of that.

You also contrast them by color. Stavisky is almost always seen in vivid colors, and the sequences where Trotsky appears evoke certain impressionistic paintings.

That is not intentional. That no doubt happened because, with Trotsky, we were almost always outdoors, while I showed Stavisky indoors, in theatres, etc. One thing is certain; that we have paid a lot of attention to filming in true locations; and the light on the beach at Saint-Palais, for example, is not the same as that of Biarritz.

And then Trotsky hid himself, while Stavisky showed himself.

Yes, you have to include that as well.

One is closer to history, the other is more legendary.
But Stavisky was a legend during his lifetime. The

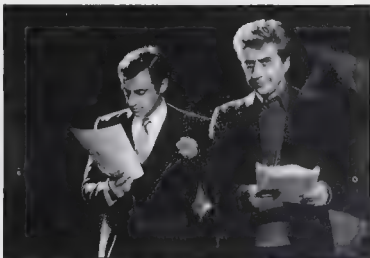
French have made a sort of Arsene Lupin out of him. In reading articles about him in the National Library, I could confirm that he had been treated by the press at the time like a hero in a popular novel. When I presented him in the same manner, they compared me almost to the "pulp" and comics, for which I've always felt great tenderness (you know my old passion for *The Shadow and Spiderman*). So, as paradoxical as it might appear, I believe that I've been faithful to a certain realism.

You have entitled the film *Stavisky*. . . with ellipses.

Yes, I would like it to be a kind of ballad, a song. The complaint of Stavisky.

Which leads me to speak to you about music. It creates an atmosphere of melancholy, of nostalgia. Why did you choose Stephen Sondheim?

That's very easy. While I was putting the film together, I began to imagine my characters moving on the screen. There were some tunes going through my head that obsessed me; suddenly I thought of Sondheim. He's a man I admire very much, and why? No doubt because his musical phrases begin with great joy and end in complete despair. It's a magnificent creation when one thinks of it; you approach it and perceive that on the inside there is corruption that opens up to destruction. That appears to correspond entirely to Stavisky's situation; this brilliant personality, menaced by death from the first moment. My heart beating, I then telephoned Sondheim and told him that I could not imagine the film without him writing the music. He answered, "Listen, this will be the first time in my life that I will be writing the score for a film. Perhaps you will regret it, but it's settled—I accept." And he composed the exact same music that I dreamed of.



Resnais and Belmondo confer on the Stavisky script.

And Jean-Paul Belmondo? Was he your choice right away?

At first, I should say that I was a little afraid. In no way did I want the choice of Belmondo to signify a sense of commercialism. I tried to imagine the film interpreted by other actors. I even gave each one of them perfect notes, scene by scene, and then I saw, in adding it all up, that Belmondo effortlessly combined the greatest number of points. Aside from that, he had all the charm, and the irresistible smile that character-

(Continued on page 101)



Director Ken Russell discusses his latest film, *Tommy*, based on the popular rock opera composed by Peter Townshend and the Who over six years ago. Right, the Who's lead singer Roger Daltrey makes his acting debut in the title role of *Tommy*.

THE SAVAGE DIRECTOR

By Alice Steinhardt Wetbli

CRITICS HAVE NEVER been especially complimentary to Ken Russell or his films. Words such as 'excessive,' 'vulgar,' 'obscene,' 'gaudy' are found frequently in reviews of his work by writers who see these things in his films, but are unable to understand Russell's intent. Others see within his bold and excessive gestures an underlying poetry and perception. Nevertheless, Russell has never been described as a man who is easy to work with and for many, his films are not easy to live with either. His films have included scenes of such violence that they are only matched in intensity by the reaction of his critics.

"Well, to put on the screen what you feel about somebody—that's not easy to do. Everyone would love it to be lovely, everything to be lovely—all com-

mercials are lovely. But it's showing the complete man that I'm interested in now—the complete person as I see him—horror and all."

Russell's point comes through strongly in the context of his films. His never relenting visions explode in all his films and are probably responsible for the hatred felt by many toward his work. Critics especially have an adverse reaction to Russell's obsessive desire to destroy pretensions and smash icons.

"I'm a fan of the artists I choose to make films about, but my films are critical, not flag-waving, hero-worship. If a person is strong enough or his work is good enough, he can survive anything I might say about him. And if what I say illuminates him for other people, that's all to the good."

"I started my cinematographic

career on a BBC television show about the arts. It came on the air at 10:30 Sunday night. The thinking was at that time it couldn't do any harm—everyone in England was in bed.

"I saw that television biographies were becoming filled with terrible clichés. This program came on right after a feature film, and if you wanted to capture people's attention before they turned off the set, you had to do something exciting in the first ten seconds. In my film about Debussy, which I did for this program, I started with a shot of an attractive young woman in a T-shirt. In a second a dozen arrows were shot into her all at once—it was a reference to one of Debussy's pieces, 'The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian,' about the saint who was shot through with arrows."

This symbolic approach contin-

ued as he filmed other BBC documentary portraits of such people as Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Frederick Delius, Henri Rousseau, Richard Strauss and Isadora Duncan.

By this time Russell had attracted the attention of the film industry and he began his career with two forgettable assignments: *French Dressing*, and a Harry Palmer film. *The Billion Dollar Brain*, starring Michael Caine.

In 1970 he created his first major work, *Women In Love*. A Russell theme that begins here is carried on in all his subsequent work. It involves two elements: the quality of flawed genius or ideals and an interest in the past.

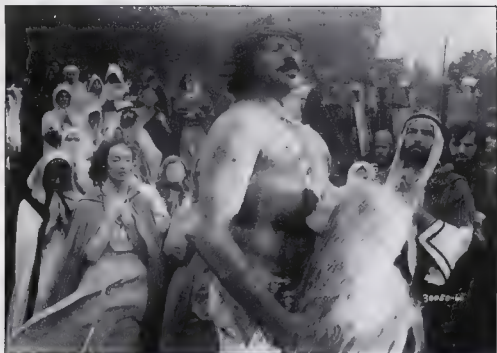
"I love period films: the possibility of opening a book into the past fascinates me. You don't have to worry that every detail is historically accurate, a lack of total authenticity is not a bad thing. I generally select period material because all the stories I do are about the relationships of people to their environment and to each other, and other eternal questions which we are just as concerned about today as people were in the past. Topics of the moment pass and change; besides, one's feelings toward contemporary topics tend to distort one's presentation of them. We can be much more dispassionate and



In 1970, Russell created his first major work, *Women In Love*, the drama of two sisters and the two imperfect men they loved.



After *Women*, he immediately began working on his second film, *The Music Lovers*, Russell's "biography" of Peter Tchaikovsky. A Russell biography is a mixture of fact and fantasy, an impressionistic technique.



The Devils is Russell's most terrifying fantastical nightmare. It is an example of his relentless vision of the world gone mad.

objective, therefore more truthful in dealing with the past. To see things of the past from the vantage point of the present is to be able to judge what effect they have had on the present."

Russell worked with Larry Kramer to create a script that remained true to the Lawrence spirit, grasping the essence of the novelist's fascination with the mysterious powers of sexuality and the human body. Set in the post World War I days, it involves the drama of two sisters, Gudren (Glenda Jackson) and Ursula (Jennie Linden), and the two men with whom they become involved, Rupert Birken (Alan Bates) and Gerald Crich (Oliver Reed). Their lives unfold in a ceremony of innocence, toward a destiny they can't control. Gudren and Ursula passionately and lustfully search for love and self-fulfillment, while Birken and Gerald search for relationships that remain forever unfulfilled.

The film retains the unconventional plot of the book, with love and lust providing the background. Expressions of passion are entirely physical, overshadowed by what Lawrence called "the scream of feminine hysteria." The players are moved and progress, as in Ursula's and Birken's case, to an uncommuni-

(Continued on page 72)



Savage Messiah was a return to the Russell format of the artist at odds with society. Henri Gaudier-Breska is at war with the world, the symbolic ideal of the artist. Nothing is done without driving passion.

TOMMY

The rock opera with the Russell touch.

F.I. Interview by Alice Wetbli

SIX YEARS have passed since the explosive rock opera "Tommy" was released in a double album by Peter Townshend and The Who. British film director, Ken Russell is now releasing his film version of the widely acclaimed rock opera, and it promises to be one of the brighter film experiences of the year.

After a full year of preparation, Townshend joined Ken Russell in a rigorous twelve week schedule in England recreating the opera on film.

Prominent in the production is a fascinating and unusual bit of casting, ranging from Ann-Margret and Jack Nicholson to rock superstars Eric Clapton and Elton John. Also included, of



Cousin Kevin (Paul Nicholas) is one of the sadistic relatives.

course, are the Who themselves. Lead guitarist Pete Townshend composed all of the film's thirty songs except for two by bassist John Entwistle and one by the Who's eccentric and kinetic drummer, Keith Moon. In addition, Townshend contributes four new songs for the filmed version.

The Who's fourth member and lead singer, Roger Daltrey, makes his successful acting debut in *Tommy*. Russell quickly recognized Daltrey as "a natural talent" and enlisted him to star in his next project, a film about the life of composer Franz Liszt.

Ken Russell's *Tommy* is a high-keyed, hard-edged, and chromatic excursion in cinematography. Assuming the proportions of popular myth, the story recounts the psychic odyssey of a boy deprived of physical sensation; he is struck deaf, dumb, and blind

after witnessing the murder of his father. The plot is sparked visually through an exploration of Tommy's inner universe, his desolation, his plea for help (See me, feel me, touch me, heal me...') as well as the outer world through which he progresses in his bizarre quest toward a miracle cure. *Tommy's* co-producer Robert Stigwood sums it up: "This is not a story easily explained in words."

One afternoon I visited with Ken Russell to talk about his part in creating *Tommy* and its relationship to the work he has created thus far. Russell was receptive, his bushy countenance fluctuating at once between that of a sage philosopher and a jovial St. Nick. He spoke articulately and had much to say about his new film in addition to remarks about his work in general.

Russell unravels a consistent thread in his work by quoting a thought from *Mahler*, his last film, based on the life of the German composer. "Why are we here, where do we come from, is it all a huge joke?" All my films are about that."

Tommy is no exception. While many regard the excitement of the original rock opera as more "rock" than "opera," Russell has another opinion.

"I'd heard lots of loud music in a very strong, primitive, rather boring beat which I think was rock. And I found it rhythmically pretty dreary. What I often thought of doing would be to—in the middle of a rock concert—get the band off the stage and put on Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. And I think that would really blow the minds of people who always thought they were carried away by the rhythm of rock."

"It's a cheat in a way. If you played rock quietly, as Townshend has said, it doesn't work, so it's just a form of noise and the music value of it is rather dubious. As far as *Tommy* is concerned, it might be called a rock opera, but to me it is just an opera, just as Bach wrote jigs and popular dances of his day. That Townshend happens to have used the rock idiom to write an opera seems to me beside the point. It stands, as far as I'm concerned, on its own merits. And I think when rock's



Tommy undergoes one of several "miracle cures" to bring him back to reality.



long forgotten... and rock just means a piece of stone... *Tommy* will go on because: (a) it says something very important, and (b) it's a good piece of music. To me, the film, although it's still got the old rock beat, has taken it about two hundred light years ahead, in so far as the instrumentation and the instrumental color of the score. It's very, very musically exciting."

His original opinion of the album itself was fairly unenthusiastic and many changes occurred in the soundtrack for the film.

(Continued on page 100)

Nora (Ann-Margret) tries in vain to reach her son. Below is film's final scene.





And The Word Was Made Flesh

By Jon Richards

IN *La Boulangere de Monceau*, the first of the *Six Moral Tales* of French director Eric Rohmer, the hero spends the entire film prowling the streets of Paris hoping to run into the girl again so he can ask her out on a date.

Object, matrimony. There is no intimacy, no sensuality, and no skin at all beyond what extends below the cuffs and above the collar.

In the sixth and last tale, *Chloe in the Afternoon*, the married hero is pursued, tempted, and very nearly seduced by a sexy 70s style *femme fatale*. And, comparatively speaking, there are naked bodies all over the place. Well, three of them, anyway, shown briefly and mostly from the back, but they are naked.

This is no casual escalation for the French director. One of the reigning geniuses of the French cinema, Eric Rohmer is a staunch puritan, a severely ascetic man who resembles a Gallic Ichabod

ZouZou provides the ultimate temptation for Frederic in Chloe in the Afternoon.



In Claire's Knee, Rohmer's fifth moral tale, her knee is not only the spark for Jerome's desire, but the object as well.

Crane. He is a shy, private figure as well. A few years ago he attended a ceremony at which he was to receive an award disguised in a false mustache and eyeglasses so that nobody would recognize him. Nudity—public nudity at least—puts him ill at ease, both on screen and off. There is a story told of a young English model brought in to audition for a minor part in a recent Rohmer film. The part involved nudity, so to show her qualifications, the girl suddenly peeled off her top and presented the startled director with a view of a pair of nicely photogenic breasts. A blushing Rohmer awarded her the part on the spot, with the condition that she put her shirt back on immediately, although his original concept of the role had been something more along the zaftig Swedish line.

But Eric Rohmer's concept of the nude in film is deeply rooted in artistic conviction as well as personal morality.

"The nude is a very difficult thing for the cinema," he says. "I do not believe there has ever been a film which has treated it satisfactorily, whereas in painting and sculpture it is one of the preferred and classic themes. Sculpture is not harmonious with modern clothing; it accepts only the nude

or draped figure. Painting too has difficulty with modern dress, although it had no problem with period costumes, such as those from the pre-revolutionary era. In the cinema on the other hand, this rather foolish style of dress, the turn-of-the-century classic style so impossible for painting, is admirably photogenic. It lent itself to those magnificent silent films, and to that whole period from the 30s through the 50s..."

In this era of centerfold pubic hair and all-sound, living color 16mm hard-core, nudity for most people has become an all-or-nothing proposition. If you don't see nipples, cheeks or hair, it's not nudity. Eric Rohmer's views are much more relative.

"Chloe in the Afternoon," he says, "is the first film in which I have shown total nudity; but in *La Collectionneuse* and *Claire's Knee*, the heroine wore a bathing suit."

Rohmer's eroticism is the eroticism of understatement. It is the principle expressed by the old man who will tell you that "in my day, we got more of a charge out of seeing a young woman's ankle as she stepped onto a streetcar than you young fellows today do seeing her in the altogether!"

In *Claire's Knee*, the fifth of his *Six Moral Tales*, Rohmer carries

this specific principle to its ultimate. Here it is not a case of the young woman's ankle, but her knee. A somewhat loftier goal, and normal enough; a lot of us are attracted by some incongruous part of a girl's anatomy—her nose, her teeth, the nape of her neck—and Laurence de Monaghan, who plays Claire, does have a nice pair of knees. But there's a twist: Claire's knee is not only the aphrodisiac for Jerome's desires, but their object as well. The old man who in his youth was inflamed by the glimpse of a young beauty's ankle probably nurtured lascivious thoughts of what lay above and beyond in the dark recesses of pantaloons and petticoat; Rohmer's Jerome only wants to touch that knee. He does, and he's satisfied. If that smacks of fetishism, it's modest fetishism. And that modesty, along with the singularity of the concept, probably accounts in part for *Claire's Knee* winning the highest critical acclaim of the *Moral Tales*.

The six films in the series are each variations on a single theme. Simply stated, they present a man who is committed to one woman, is tempted by the availability of another, and eventually—usually by chance or last-minute, irrational impulse—resists the tempta-

tion and returns to his proper partner. The first two films of the sextet, *La Boulangere de Monceau* and *La Carriere de Suzanne*, have never been released in the United States. *Boulangere* is a short, 20 minute production that warms up the theme with the story of a law student who bumps, literally, into a girl on the street, realizes that she's for him, and haunts the neighborhood for the next few weeks looking for her. To fuel his energies, he takes to dropping into the local bakery, where he buys a cookie every day and is beguiled by the bakery girl, a tasty little cookie herself. After a protracted flirtation conducted across the pastry case with looks and smiles and sweet nothings like "I'll take two of those," he finally decides he's not running into much luck with the object of his search, so he asks the little *boulangere* out to the movies. She demurs on the grounds that her parents would have a fit, but he talks her into it. But on the way to pick her up from work, he runs into Sylvie (his quest), just back from a few weeks' vacation; so, in what he conceives as the only possible moral course of action, he stands up the bakery girl.

So...not much sex there. Nor is there much in tale number two, *La Carriere de Suzanne*, a tale of

somewhat more sound and fury, involving as it does a proposition or two and some suggestions of loose morality here and there, but signifying nothing particularly visceral in point of sexuality.

The next in sequence is *My Night at Maude's*. Now, if we keep the guidelines strictly focused on the central question, which, to paraphrase Senator Baker of the Watergate Committee, is "How much skin did Rohmer show, and when did he show it?" then it must be said that not much progress has been made. But if we are willing to be a little flexible, we can say then that a couple of great strides forward have been made. The first and foremost of these is the presence of Francoise Fabian, one of the sexiest women ever committed to celluloid. Add to this the fact that Jean-Louis Trintignant spends the night with her—in bed. And she's naked.

Doesn't sound like a movie to take the kiddies to, does it? It

certainly is not! But the reason it isn't has to do with the fact that 90 percent of the dialogue (and this is not a movie short on dialogue) is laced with heady discussions of Pascal's Wager, Descartes, and Jansenism. As for those other things—yes, she's naked. But we only know she's naked because she says she sleeps in the nude. She keeps the covers pulled up, so we have to trust her for that. But she looks honest. And yes, Jean-Louis spends the night in bed with her. But he stays on top of the covers, and he's not naked. It's a test, see, to show that he can do it. Curiously enough, he too has run into the girl of his destiny by chance, and lost track of her. He too rediscovered her after his interlude of sexual temptation, although in Trintignant's case the temptation is considerably more sexual and the resistance more rooted in principle than coincidence.

All right. No fornication, no

A severely ascetic man, public nudity on and off the screen puts Rohmer ill at ease. "I do not believe there has been a film which has treated it satisfactorily," he says.

consummation, no nudity. But we do get Francoise Fabian, covered with nothing but a fur blanket. Not the stuff of X ratings, but some progress at least. Next?

Therein lies a tricky bit of business. *Maude* was tale number three, and tale number four is *La Collectionneuse*. But *La Collectionneuse* was made in 1967, some four years before its predecessor in the sequence. And to complicate matters further, it wasn't released here until after number five, *Claire's Knee*. So in considering the erotic emancipation of Eric Rohmer in his handling (cinematically) of the naked body, that clouds the issue.

For raw sex, *La Collectionneuse* undeniably represents an advance over its thematic antecedent. The heroine is Haydee, a cute little sex kitten who sleeps around. Our first view of her is in a prologue, in which the camera caresses her bikini-accented body, lingering over breasts, belly and thighs. And our first (and the hero's first) encounter with her in the real action is in some real action. She's making love. This is revealed with a shot of two pairs of intertwined bare legs through a bedroom door, a view blocked with directorial discretion at mid-thigh.

No two Rohmerian temptresses are quite alike. The *boulangere* is simple and common, with a provincial prettiness and propriety setting off an instinctive seductiveness. *Maude* is a sleek and sophisticated contrast with an intelligence to her beauty that makes her superbly sexy. Haydee is a *collectionneuse*, a collector of lovers. She makes love for fun, lightly, with none of the serious possessiveness that the stereotypical female is supposed to bring to sex.

In *Claire's Knee*, the most complicated of Rohmer's treatments of his theme, the seductive force is maturely manipulative,

adolescently sexual, and precociously intriguing. What makes this possible is that the force is divided between three females: Aurora, the worldly novelist, who tempts Jerome not with herself, but with teenage girls, to provide material for her next book. Laura, played mischievously by 16-year-old Beatrice Romand, is the first piece of bait. She's fresh and clever, and while he finds her appealing, he does not succumb. Then Claire arrives on the scene, with that irresistible knee; and here, for the only time in the entire span of the *Six Moral Tales*, the hero surrenders totally to temptation. Fortunately, Jerome's temptation is satisfied by the stroking of the knee, which he manages under the pretext of consolation rather than passion, and thus he can return in the end to his fiancée only mildly scathed, and no doubt thankful that fortune spared him a fascination with Claire's ass, or Claire's nipple.

Chloe in the Afternoon is the last tale in the cycle, and the temptress here is the most multifaceted and irresistible one of all: women. Frederic wants to have an affair—with any and all beautiful women. He feels his life slipping away, and he wants to fill it with experience—and what more vital experience could there be than that of the intense mingling of souls through the equally intense mingling of bodies in sexual embraces? The French title of the picture is *L'Amour l'Après-Midi*, which translates as *Love in the Afternoon*, which is closer to the point than the American version. It is not Chloe who tempts Frederic, as Maude tempts Jean-Louis, as Haydee tempts Adrien, as Aurora / Laura / Claire tempts Jerome. It is an affair that tempts him. Chloe, temptingly played by the broodingly sexy Zouzou, simply provides the aggressive force which breaks through his

barriers of inhibition, inertia and morality to sound the knock of opportunity. And she provides a super bonus lure: she wants him to father a baby for her. No strings, no commitments; she wants a baby, and she has selected him as the ideal father. The ultimate ego trip, the ultimate temptation: not only is he seduced by a woman, but he is also chosen by her to father her child.

It is against these pressures that Eric Rohmer finally succumbs to his ultimate directorial temptation: he shows the nude female body. Three times, three different women. He did not give in without a struggle.

"I would not have used nude scenes in this last *Moral Tale* had they not been absolutely essential to the action," Rohmer insisted in an interview with French journalist Edith Cottrell shortly after he finished the film. "It was important to show a certain physical intimacy between the husband and the wife, and I thought the scene in the bathroom immediately established that tone. I also wanted to show that a man who has a physically attractive wife looks at other women differently from a man married to, let us say, a hunchback."

The scene in question comes early in the film, marking the watershed of this study: the first nude body—after all that talk—in a Rohmer film. Frederic's wife steps out of the shower, wraps herself in a towel, and allows her husband a chaste kiss as he leaves for work. There is no emphasis on physical intimacy or attractiveness, rather on the matter-of-factness and routine of a relationship between two people used to each other. But it is a naked woman.

"There is a second nude in this film," Rohmer continues. "It flashes by very fast, and from a visual standpoint has little value; it is very Parisian, but I think it maintains a comic level in the film, which is, after all, necessary. In addition, it is equally integrated into the action and the dialogue: it indicates that this fellow is not at all obsessed with pretty girls, that he is not bothered by the fact that the *au pair* girl runs around nude through the apartment."

Rohmer's Six Moral Tales are all variations on the same theme; a man is committed to one woman, is tempted by another, but eventually resists her for his own partner.

Not necessarily. Everything else about the fellow seems to indicate the opposite, and this naked body rushes by in a hectic moment which really doesn't give sexuality a chance. The baby cries, the *au pair* girl dashes the three steps from the bathroom to the bedroom, and the fact that Frederic is not aroused to action says more about his inhibitions against infidelity right under his wife's nose than his lack of obsession with pretty girls.

Sex does kick up its heels in the picture's third and final nude scene. This is the seduction scene

lines of her body. What I wanted to say in this film is that if the young man was attracted by this girl's body, it was by something special about it. It was because he was fascinated by a certain corporeal grace which manifested itself both in her gestures and in her form. When Chloe is wearing pants she has a masculine quality, which is deceptive; one would expect her hips to be less shapely. Quite the contrary, they are particularly well shaped, and it is this line which is displayed in the scene in the shop. I show it from the front in the body stocking in

himself to do it for any other purpose than to wash her.

Once undressed, however, Chloe has something livelier in mind. And Frederic is on the verge of complying—until coincidence once again intervenes, shaped by the hand of an inevitable moral destiny. He changes his mind in mid-strip and flees the apartment, leaving a naked Chloe and an incredulous audience behind.

It is important to Eric Rohmer that we understand he did not arrive casually at the use of the naked body. "Up till now," he says, "film makers have played on the shock value of the nude. Only rarely have they achieved a serene plastic beauty . . . What is lacking in cinema is the concept of the nude deeply integrated into the action, dramatically and plastically."

My nudes, he seems to be saying, are not like those other fellows' nudes. Mine are serene and plastic, not vulgar and erotic. I only used them because they were inevitably integral to the action, not for the shock value everyone else has always used them for.

This "methinks the director doth protest too much" justification for succumbing to the temptations of the flesh in no way detracts from the extraordinary achievements of the film and the six-tale cycle. If anything, it underlines the sensitivity of his perceptions.

A consistent theme of these *Six Moral Tales* is the relative sexual honesty of the temptress, and the self-delusion and posturing of the men. Rohmer himself may or may not approve of the ultimate destinies of his leading men (he has stated that these are "moral tales" but not "tales with a moral"), but he does not spare them in terms of character revelation. Rohmer, who wrote all the scripts himself, repeatedly and subtly reveals them as stiff, self-centered, and unable to come to terms with their own motivations. The *Six Moral Tales* are superbly sensitive, intelligent and personal studies; and it comes as no great surprise to discover a trace of self-delusion in their creator's explanation of the nudes he allowed himself to use in their final chapter. □



Although Jean-Louis Trintignant does spend the night in bed with Françoise Fabian in *My Night At Maude's*, he stays on top of the covers, fully clothed.

in Chloe's apartment, and in it we reach a new plateau. It is our first view of ZouZou's naked body, and thus the first naked display of Rohmer temptress.

Rohmer is acutely conscious of the erotic charge of this breakthrough. Leery of the shock value of the sensually presented body of a woman, he has prepared the audience with another scene, "where Chloe, though not exactly nude, is only wearing a body stocking, which accentuates the

order to avoid lingerie, which would have injected a frivolous note into the film. The body stocking is very severe.

"In the bathroom scene, we see the same line again, but the spectator may notice it less, fascinated by the impact of the flesh."

Once again, the naked body is served up in the context of a bathroom scene. Rohmer, yielding at last to the temptation of undressing a woman, cannot bring

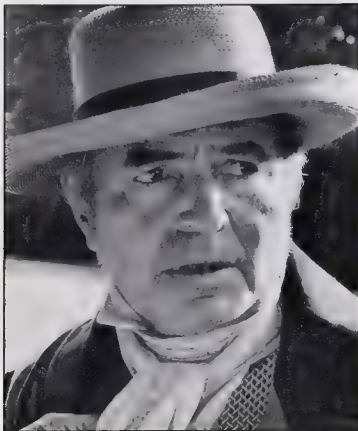
"A hell of a picture!"

Full of sex, glamor, color and primitive violence.

By Alan Greenberg

FIRST IT WAS *Serpico*, the splendid Al Pacino intrigue of virtue vs. the vice squad, and then *Death Wish*, a critical mugging of a movie, with Charles Bronson starring as New York City's collective unconscious after office hours. Now Dino DeLaurentiis presents *Mandingo*, his most ambitious venture since leaving his native Italy 85 million dollars ago, costing as much as *Serpico* and *Death Wish* combined.

Mandingo is a pot-boiler of a story, the magnum opus of a lengthy serial saga by Kyle Onstott. By the time it was purchased for motion picture treatment by Mr. DeLaurentiis, the novel had sold close to 15 million copies in the United States and Europe, making it one of the best-selling books of all time. It is a brutal tale about life at Falconhurst, an old slave-breeding plantation that existed along the Mississippi River near Baton Rouge before the Civil War. The lurid scenes throughout the novel burn with the consequences of conflicting passions, with the tragedy of interracial sex and love in the 1840 South,



The cast includes the gifted James Mason (above), rising new star Perry King and mountainous Laura Misch (right).

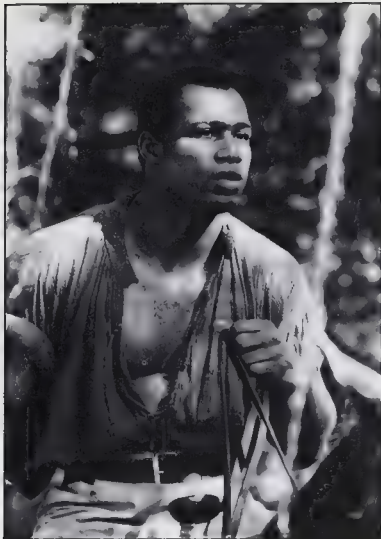
bellum Louisiana, lavish *Mandingo* is a hell of a picture."

Serpe, a charming man who has worked with Dino DeLaurentiis for 23 years, recognized the potential in the colorful novel for a screen rendering of greater class and intelligence. "The social commentary is absolutely essential in this picture. It takes place,

with the violence wrought by master against slave, slave against master.

Norman Wexler, who nearly copped an Academy Award for his *Serpico* screenplay, has crafted a script for the film *Mandingo* that both enlarges the scope of the legend and trims the myriad excesses found in the Onstott novel. Where the novelist opts for mere sensationalism, the motion picture seeks the substance and significance of a true historical nightmare. "What we've done is taken the basic story of *Mandingo* and transformed it into an entertaining social document," claims Ralph Serpe, the executive producer of the film. "It is a real and honest fiction, offering all the characteristics the public likes to see—the sex, the glamor of ante





Heavyweight fighter Ken Norton and beautiful Brenda Sykes complement the film. Perry King poses below.



after all, in an environment where the basic condition was man's inhumanity to man, where white human beings sold black human beings to work on and into the land. And in doing so, of course, the whites only brutalized themselves. Ultimately, they destroyed themselves. This is not sidelight, mind you. It's what the picture's all about."

Many problems were anticipated before local production began. The black community around Baton Rouge was expected to resent the depiction of their ancestors as degraded and humiliated slaves, while the segregationist white factions were expected to object to the scenes dealing with interracial romance. Although the Black Student Corps at Louisiana State University initially announced an intention to boycott *Mandingo*, the general opposition foreseen by the DeLaurentiis people never materialized. "In

fact," relates Serpe, "after I met with the leaders of the Student Corps they became an interested and even ardent source of local support. The entire community was marvelous. Governor Edwin Edwards had a part in the film. Even those elements considered strictly Ku Klux Klan were relatively cooperative. You know, they seem to be getting very progressive down there, they seem bent upon telling the world that the slavery, the human degradation was all a terrible, terrible mistake."

Whatever preliminary problems arose came in a totally unexpected area—the casting for *Mandingo*. "The major resistance came from certain actors," admitted Serpe, "not from the black community, or the KKK. Some very prominent white artists made antagonistic noise against us, some of the very big names in the industry: Heston. Boone. Richard Widmark. They resented the picture. They seemed to think it would bring back memories best left buried, that it would instigate hatred. Whereas the blacks under-



The rich color and primitive violence (such as a boiling a man alive) are vividly depicted in the ante-bellum film.

stood and favored the film, offering no opposition at all."

Serpe was fortunate in landing the gifted veteran James Mason to play the role of Maxwell, patriarch of Falconhurst. Mason, believing the script to be "absolutely authentic," was so enthusiastic about the project that he offered to accept the part for less money than he normally commands for a motion picture. He embraced his role wholeheartedly, giving it such an inspired and determined go as to lend *Mandingo* a hint of archival quality and character. Interestingly, in order to cultivate the rich southern accent required of Maxwell, Mason spent countless hours listening to tapes that featured the voice of another, more modern southern patriarch — United States Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina, who will be remembered for his role in an entirely different kind of drama.





Some extras in the cast pose shyly for the camera, left, as Susan George emotes, right, and James Mason, below, surveys the picturesque bayou country in costume. Mason spent countless hours listening to tapes that featured the voice of US Senator Sam Ervin for the proper accent in his role.

Perry King and Susan George head the rest of the diverse and exciting *Mandingo* cast, which also features the angelic Brenda Sykes, muscular Ken Norton, and mountainous Laura Misch, Hugh Hefner's February phantasm. King is a talented young actor whose star is on the rise due to his recent performances in *The Lords of Flatbush*, *The Possession of Joel Delaney*, and *Wild Party*. Susan George is best known for her sizzling and seductive presence in Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs*, while Brenda Sykes has appeared in Roger Vadim's *Pretty Maids All in a Row* and in *Cleopatra Jones*. Ken Norton, a new-comer to motion pictures, is the famous heavyweight championship fighter who broke the jaw of Muhammad Ali in a stunning



upset two years ago.

Mandingo is an expensive production, its tab running in excess of five million dollars. Most of the shooting was done on location in the Louisiana bayou country, particularly around Baton Rouge and the picturesque French Quarter of New Orleans, with portions added in Paramount Pictures' Hollywood studios. Seeking to capture the authentic mood of the period, Serpe arranged to do location filming in some of the most famous plantations of the Old South. Such legendary mansions as Catalpa, Belle Helene, the Oaks, Hermitage, and Houmas House were used for various scenes and sequences. Richard Fleischer, a director known for his work in historical drama on screen, was enlisted by Serpe to enhance the picture's realism, as was Richard Kline, the gifted cinematographer. The result is an evocative portrait of a place both fetching and forbidding, an attempt, as these photographs indicate, to recreate a period of history long gone with the wind. □



Director Richard Fleischer speaks with Mason, above, and Producer DeLaurentis is seen in profile, right. Below, along a back country road, modern blacks (many from nearby universities) worked as extras in the film.





I'll never let him
eat beans again.

THE MONSTER MAKES OUT

Dialogue by Stan Lee

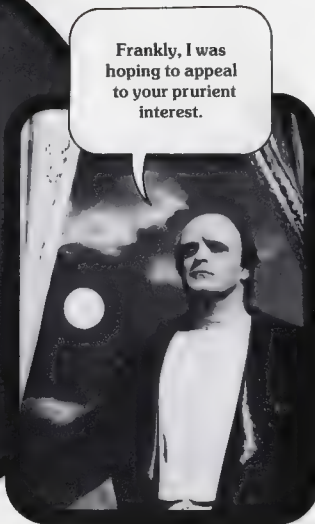
When Mary Shelley penned the novel *Frankenstein or Prometheus Unbound* more than 100 years ago, she probably never dreamed that this allegorical tale would become material for one of the most uproarious comedies of the 1970s. But thanks to Mel Brooks, this venerable source for the classic horror movie is given the full humorous treatment with *The Young Frankenstein*, considered by critics to be his funniest film to date. Gene Wilder plays the good doctor, Madeline Kahn is his voluptuous assistant, and Peter Boyle plays the monster. In keeping with the comedic spirit of the film, we decided to tap our jocular veins and as a result, came up with these zingers.



You sweet,
careless
kid.
You're
pregnant.



I told you
not to
squeeze the
Charmin.



Frankly, I was
hoping to appeal
to your prurient
interest.



So that's why they
call you the Jolly
Green Giant!

I've got to stop
eating garlic.



Don't think of me as
just another pretty
face.



Your fly's open.



No more ring-
around-the-collar!



(Continued from page 4)

company's publicity campaign is being aimed at the so-called intelligent film audience, the kind that might more normally attend an Ingmar Bergman or Fellini film. The film might best be described as erotic rather than pornographic, in that while showing a variety of sex acts more wide-ranging than in the typical blue film, it avoids what I will term organ-ic explicitness. Nudity, yes, but no yawning vaginas or erectile penises. In other words, soft-core rather than hard-core.

On the other hand, the film does come closer in its purpose to the not always well-defined aims of pornography than do the hard-core films. The Drs. Kronhausens, a noted man and wife team of researchers into human sexual behavior, have specified a "psychological aphrodisiacal effect" as the purpose of pornography. Curiously enough, *Emmanuelle* achieves that effect for many who see it, while hard-core films, for all their blatancy, do not. What we have to consider then is the possibility that mere sexual activity, when repeated ad infinitum, is not pornographic at all, since so many viewers report an effect that is anti-aphrodisiac.

The eroticism of *Emmanuelle*, and let's make no bones about it—it starts out to be an erotic film and ends up being one—comes less from sexual activity than from its story elements, its mood and atmosphere. Its participants are characters, not studs. The acting in it is of a skilled and professional quality, and one of its stars, Alain Cuny, is a classically trained actor who has performed with the Comédie Française. The photography is stylish and beautiful, the settings exotic. Someone once described eroticism as "the orchestration of sexual desire," and the director of *Emmanuelle* may well have had that in mind when he took on the making of the film. A former fashion photographer, he decided to keep it chic.

The autobiography on which the film is based long had subterranean fame in France. First published during the late Fifties it was immediately banned by the

DeGaulle regime, and only came out into the open after that leader's death. The purported author, Emmanuelle Arsan, is the wife, so it was announced, of an important French diplomat, and the book therefore is written pseudonymously. It tells of a young wife, whose diplomat husband desired sexual freedom for himself, and encouraged her to have the same. While based in Bangkok, part of the diplomatic corps, Emmanuelle is at first more drawn to lesbianism than to heterosexual experimentation, but eventually, under the aegis of an older man (Cuny) explores some of the farther reaches of eroticism. She allows herself to be given as the sexual prize to the winner of a Thai boxing match, in full view of the audience, and, during a visit to an opium den, is prevailed upon to cohabit with two of the denizens—all this and more while Cuny looks benignly on, knowing that she still has farther to go.

In this respect, the story resembles that of *The Story of O*, a French erotic classic, and one rather suspects that it was used as a model by the writer of the autobiography. *Emmanuelle* was a half caste in the novel, but in the film she is enacted by the piquant, intriguing Sylvia Kristel, whose tall, slim body is flattered by the loving lighting and camera work, and whose face has an innocence that, by the end of the film, changes into a look of worldly sophistication.

In the hard-core film, American variety, the actors are chosen for their willingness and ability to perform sex acts for the camera. The lines given them to speak are primitive enough, clichés for the most part, but they usually find these difficult to enunciate with any believability. One doesn't believe them for a second. The men are there as hired studs; the women are offering their bodies for use for a daily fee. The line between performing in blue films and prostitution is thin indeed, and this can account for the public's interest in the performers. Hookers may be happy, and we can be regaled by the ins and outs of their profession, but they are still hookers. And prostitution is not yet a socially approved profession.

"The last thing present-day

hard-core films can be accused of," writes Amos Vogel in *Film as a Subversive Art*, "is subtlety, lyricism, erotic tension, or what the Kronhausens's quite properly call 'erotic realism.' This 'skipped' chapter will undoubtedly develop in a future more relaxed about sex; indeed, by adding the dimension of feeling and erotic tension to that of physiological urge, the result by virtue of its power of provocation will be far more subversive than present-day hard-core films are."

It is this that makes *Emmanuelle* more indicative and interesting than its not-always-very-exciting story and character elements. It points to new directions and possibilities as Vogel puts it: "... the realistic, poetic, or lyrical portrayal of the sex act."

I happened to be present at some of the showings of the New York Erotic Film Festival held in 1971, a by and large disappointing display of the possibilities of the form, but I did find one imaginative bit of eroticism in a feature called *The Man from Onan*. A sequence showed a boy of twelve in a pleasant room going through his piano lesson for his attractively mature teacher, who stood behind him as he played. During this seemingly innocuous moment the woman's hand went stealthily to the skirt of her dress and lifted it. It was clear that she masturbated to the rhythm of the boy's playing.

What made the sequence stand out from the copulatory ruck of the festival? For one thing, the scene had an ambience from the taboo quality of the teacher's act—masturbating in such a situation, but more than that, the hints of the woman's fantasy life. Perhaps she was sexually attracted by the boy, but held herself back by social taboo from attempting a seduction; perhaps it was the music that induced an erotic reverie. In any case here was a private moment of erotic tension in which the teacher sought sexual relief. And oddly, strange and novel as the scene was, it did not violate one's sense of reality.

Similarly in *The Fox*, a film made some years ago from the D. H. Lawrence story, a young woman (Anne Heyward), lonely

(Continued on page 92)



Alain Delon: Bad & Beautiful

By Walter H. Hogan

ELIZABETH TAYLOR did it. Brigitte Bardot did it. So did Sophia Loren and Elvis Presley, all in very publicized ways. And Alain Delon will do it this year.

Do what? Turn 40.

That will be on November 8, birthday of the famous French actor who made his cinema bow in '57, became top box office, the country's highest paid actor, and the only French star to produce his own films. With his production of *Borsalino* and his shrewd campaign for its opening, he became France's No. 1 producer in 1970, too.

Delon was boosted to international fame in the early 60s by three films he made in Italy: *Purple Noon*, *Rocco and His Brothers*, and *Eclipse*. "Only through Hollywood can there be international, world-wide recognition for an actor," he told columnist Sidney Skolsky. "No matter how popular an actor is in Europe, the distribution of European films, which are shown primarily in art houses, limits his appeal." So he launched a campaign to make films slated for wider distribution, and he still regrets that his draw in the U.S. and other English-speaking countries does not match his appeal in Europe, Japan, and Latin America.

In his very first film he had a gun in his hand as a young tough. And the warp and woof of his subsequent film roles (as the slayer or the slain, the predator or the prey) and his real, headlined life (the famous romance with Romy Schneider that was ended with flowers and a note he left, the still-mysterious Markovic affair that began with a bundled-up body found on a garbage heap) sometimes seem so woven together it's hard to say which is more exciting, fiction or fact.

In his book on *The Gangster Film*, John Baxter writes this



In a recently completed movie, Alain Delon plays the famous masked bandit, Zorro. He did it for his son.



profile on Delon: "French actor whose interest in the underworld has drawn him into some difficult situations and associations, but added also to his ability in gangster roles. His trench-coated ascetic gunman in *Le Samourai* is the quintessence of the type which Bogart and Ladd worked in vain to define." And in *France*, "an illustrated guide to 400 key figures in the French cinema," Marcel Martin describes Delon as "a leading boxoffice star for more

than a decade, due mainly to his thrustful personality and dashing good looks."

In an interview in *Films Illustrated* (August, 1972) Delon said, "I am fighting to make people believe that I am more than a pretty face. I am not a star. I am an actor. My break into films was a miracle. Up until that time my life had been a series of destructive experiences. On reflection it was all those dreadful times that finally gelled together to



make the events constructive. . ."

Part of the "dreadful times" was a rebellious youth. Delon was born in Sceaux, just outside Paris, the only son of Fabien Delon and the former Edith Arnold. His father managed a motion picture theatre in Bourg-la-Reine, adjoining Sceaux; his mother worked in a drug store. An unhappy home life? "I guess you could say that. My parents separated when I was a child, and then they were divorced. So I spent much of my childhood in a boarding school. When I left the school, both parents had remarried and each had separate sets of children" (Delon has a half-sister, Edith, and two half-brothers, Francois and Eli), "so I felt sort of—well, sort of out of things, you know?"

Even his vacations were spent away from home, in camps. He went from one school to another (once he was expelled for mischief), and at eleven, he entered St. Nicholas d'Igny, which had a reputation for discipline. Firm discipline. After three years there, he ran away, aged fourteen, with a friend who had an

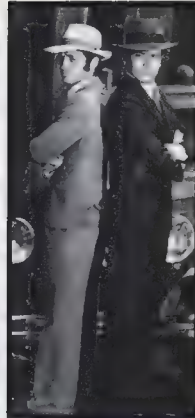
uncle in Chicago. The two boys set out for the United States. They didn't make it. Near Poitiers, they were turned over to the police, and his mother came and got him. No more school. He worked for a while in the store of his stepfather (who was a pork butcher). And one Delon biography says he is "probably the screen's only great lover who knows how to kill, quarter and cure a pig, in addition to making sausages from the leftover pieces."

Delon first joined the French marines. "Not because I like to fight. It was because I fight with my family. After 11 months I transfer my engagement to the army." He wanted to go to Indo-China, he said, and to do that he had to extend his enlistment.

"At the age of 18, he had his first experience of bitter fighting, and sometimes found himself in hand-to-hand combat with the rebels," wrote Bean in *Films and Filming*. "He was in Saigon's Majestic Hotel when it fell under the Vietnamese attack, and only narrowly escaped with his life. He once took part in a night patrol

Alain Delon in scenes from *Borsalino* and *Co. in* which he plays the role of Rock Siffredi.





Right: Romy Schneider plays Gita and Delon the mysterious Frank Jackson in *The Assassination of Trotsky*. Above: a scene from *Girl On The Motorcycle*. Page 67, top: Belmondo & Delon in the successful *Borsalino*, and bottom, a scene from the American film *The Yellow Rolls Royce*.



behind enemy lines. ("I learned in that one night what people meant by the law of the jungle and self-preservation. I began to realize why I had been involved in so many fights as a kid and exactly what I had been fighting.") He was promoted three times, and broken the same number (for overstaying leave; borrowing radio equipment; and landing a borrowed jeep at the bottom of a river). Eventually he finished with the rank of corporal, was demobilized in 1955, and on his return to Marseilles was promptly arrested for retaining a service pistol!"

In Paris, Delon with a friend rented a room and worked at a variety of jobs—waiter, office

boy, salesman, and as a porter in the great produce market, Les Halles. There he was spotted by the actress Brigitte Auber, who introduced him to her friends in the movie industry. Delon went with some of his new friends to the Film Festival at Cannes, where someone else spotted him—Hollywood agent Henry Willson. Result: a few days later Delon was in Rome, where Selznick was filming *A Farewell to Arms*; Willson and Rock Hudson met him at the airport, and took him to dinner with Selznick and Jennifer Jones. Then came a screen test and the offer of a 7-year contract.

"Believe it or not I was miser-

able," Delon told a Hollywood interviewer one time. "Now this I must make you understand. I had never in my life thought of being an actor. I wasn't given a chance to digest the idea. It was thrust on me. There was no decision for me to make. I had already paid a big price to obtain my freedom and I was not going to suddenly lose it."

Back in Paris, Delon was introduced to the director Yves Allegret, who found in him an actor he was looking for. A short time later Delon began his career before the cameras. In France and in French. Directed by Allegret.

Delon's first picture was *Quand la Femme s'en Mele* (When the Woman Interferes). That same year, Yves' brother, Marc Allegret, asked Delon to appear in *Sios Belle et Tais-Toi* (Be Beautiful But Shut Up). Also in this film was a young man making his movie debut: Jean-Paul Belmondo.

In his third film Delon got star billing when Pierre-Gaspard Huit chose him for the male lead, a young army lieutenant in turn-of-the-century Vienna, in *Christine* (1958). Opposite him in the title role (and a fateful meeting, this!) was Romy Schneider, in the same role her mother, Magna Schneider, had done in an earlier version of the film, *Liebelele*.

Thus began the famous six year affair of Alain and Romy; he, 22 and she, 20.

They shared their love in three homes: a three-story house in Paris, an estate at Tancrou, and

an apartment on the Riviera. "We were great friends with Princess Grace and Prince Rainier," Delon told Sheila Graham. "We were known as the Little Prince and Princess."

They also appeared together on the Paris stage. But the production of "Tis a Pity She's a Whore" was not a hit.

Nor was Delon's performance in *Christine*. He was so discouraged by the unfavorable reviews that he said he'd "go and sell newspapers" if he was not a success in his next film, Michel Boisrond's 1958 comedy *Faibles Femmes*

(*Women Are Weak*). Commercially a big success, the picture gained Delon quite a following among young French moviegoers, and it was his first picture shown in the United States, opening in New York on June 8, 1959.

Bosley Crowther in the *New York Times* said Delon "is supposed to be thoroughly fascinating, but, for our francs, is not." He mentioned the "scene in which the hero is pounced upon by the three dames and given such a rough-housing as might worry the circumspect."

"That riot scene," Delon told an interviewer, "was the most extraordinary day in my life. The scene is on the screen only a few minutes, but it took all day to make. We shot it over about 25 times. At the end of the day we were all scratched all over and covered with bruises. I tried to control my temper but after a while, with three women attacking me, I found myself really fighting. You just can't act out this kind of thing. I tore the dress off one. One of the girls actually bit my derriere. Jacqueline Sassard. The girl I finally marry in the picture. But I didn't take all the punishment. Pascale Petit had her ankle wrenched in that scene. Mylene Demongot got a puffed lip. We were all so battered that they had to hold up production for two days afterward."

After this picture, the papers tried to turn Delon into a symbol of modern youth (he did wear a leather jacket in the picture and he got the tag, "the French James Dean," a description, says Bean, "he hates for there has never been any similarity between the two either on or off the screen." Bernard Blier only served to solidify the image when he said, "I like Alain, because he is a well-balanced person, has a healthy outlook, respects professional tradition." Also because he has: "le gout de la vie violente, breve, intense..."—a taste for living life to the fullest.

There was another label that came out of *Women Are Weak* reviews that Delon sought to avoid. In reviewing the picture for the *New York Journal American*, Rose Pelwick said: "As the irre-

(Continued on page 96)

The Anton Perich Show

By Alan Greenberg

CHEYENNE IS SIMPLY gorgeous. Dressed like an Indian princess, with a striking array of beads dangling over her loose chiffon blouse, she sits on a sofa and stares out at TV-land seductively, through her lips. Beside her is Helene, very classy, another knockout, her body somewhat slight in comparison with Cheyenne's. They chat and giggle and chat some more, as the topic turns from men to Manhattan, from fashion to food. Cheyenne begins to get off on their dialogue when, suddenly, she throws out her hand to make a point—and her breast tumbles out. It all appears quite natural, the movement soft and mellifluous, and she goes right on talking to an aroused and markedly more responsive Helene. "Oooo—I've forever admired them so," coos Helene, her temperature soaring, "At times you make me absolutely mad with envy!" She reaches and takes hold of the fugitive boob with both of her hands. It is a remarkable specimen—full, ripe, perfectly delicious. She strokes the nipple tenderly, lamenting that all her life she's despised being flat, always longing for a set of breasts as proud and beautiful as Cheyenne's. Cheyenne listens sympathetically. She kisses her friend and purrs lovingly, "My goodness Helene, you are positively *smashing!*" as both boobs now bob about freely. Helene removes her clothes as innocently as can be. "Look at my belly button Cheyenne—it was in a book once," she gasps, her face already buried in Cheyenne's monumental mammaries. "Oh yes, it's so wonderful, my dear—I want to give it a bath in jello,"

comes the heated response, and the air begins to turn a vivid blue...

"The Anton Perich Show" is the rage of New York City cable television. Having literally sneaked on the air less than two years ago with the legendary saga of "Mr. Fixit," which was received with a wealth of, shall we say, fervor, "The Anton Perich Show" has not only put cable television on the media map but has helped broaden the boundaries of the timid medium as well. It is a



Anton Perich is unique and shocking.

funny and fascinating program, a weekly 60 minutes marked by a frankness so daring and true as to be bizarre, a splash of Tabasco on an otherwise bland menu of network and private video fare. As many as a quarter of a million people tune in each Sunday night at 11 o'clock, not exactly prime time to be sure, and they respond to the program with an intensity previously unheard of for a weekly television offering. Some gawk, some guffaw, some protest, and

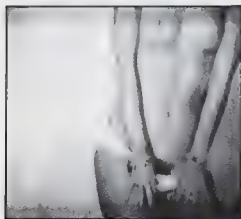
once or twice the cable TV executives have exercised a questionable censorship authority, but nothing so far has managed to stymie the show or its energetic brain and driving force, Anton Perich.

The 29 year old Perich produces, directs, writes, shoots, and edits his show every week. No one else in the world of public broadcast television would ever consider such a burden, but Perich is unique, owing to his full and expansive vision of not only himself, but the future of TV as well. As he sees it, television is an "obscene" medium, responsible to nothing but the lowest level of human intelligence and emotion. To change this situation, programming must submit to more responsible hands. "I am trying to lend a personal attachment to television, you know. In order to do this, to say what I have to say, to maintain continuity in my work, I need all the freedom I can have. I fight to get that freedom—my show right now is extreme because it's my way of doing that. I take commercial television and turn it upside down. I take it and give it right back to them, tongue in cheek, so the people can see the awful things they are forced to see all the time. It's all so unrealistic, so full of dumb cliches. It makes us idiots."

Back on the sofa, Helene is down to her pantyhose, and Cheyenne is down to Helene. Helene is sniffing her partner's body and asks "Mmmm—what kind of perfume do you wear on your feet?" to which Cheyenne replies, "I always wished I had a cock, Helene. I've had some things happen to me on the subways you can't imagine!" Chey-



Cheyenne is gorgeous and very free.



A splash of Tabasco on a bland fare



Van Ravenstein in Spaghetti Western.

enne reaches in and starts stroking Helene. They giggle and mutter something about fetishes. Then the heavenly Cheyenne decides it's time for total exposure. She strips off her costume and reveals the most voluptuous sphere this side of Tranquillity Base, with Helene exploring the dark side away from the camera, looking for non-existent blemishes, she says. Cheyenne relates, "There was this guy on the subway who just stood there with his balls in his hand, so obvious, you know, I couldn't help but see!" Helene's so enthralled with the tale that she's already masturbating. As her graceful fingers stroke the unmistakable rill beneath her panties, Anton takes the camera in for a moving glimpse up close. Cheyenne continues, "The very worst was this creep with a cock like a—*it was the biggest thing I'd ever seen!* On the subway, of course, and he opens up all the way and, there it was. I simply could not take my eyes off it at first, but I couldn't give the bastard satisfaction so I looked away. He finally gets off the train, but he stands right outside my window. Now I've got on my sunglasses so he can't see me watching him, but he waits, he waits until we're... pulling out... and he opens wide again, flashing that gigantic *thing* at me! I'll tell you this, I don't think I'll ever forget the size of it..."

Anton Perich was born in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, the Dalmatian coast resort where his parents run a winery. He studied in Rome for a short time, then spent seven years in Paris, continuing his intellectual growth at the Sorbonne. It was there that he began to realize himself as an artist, partaking in the activities

of the Dadaists and other artistic circles. Pangs of frustration overcame him, and he arrived in the United States in 1969. He has seen much of this country, but he has no desire to be anywhere except New York City for more than a brief visit. "New York is the most advanced community in the whole world," he says in his gentle, heavily accented voice, "I could never do anything like what I'm doing here in Paris."

Perich first emerged in New York as a photographer. Lurking in the red neon shadows of Max's Kansas City, the renowned Peoria of Decadence on Manhattan's East Side, Perich established himself as a veritable house historian, popping flashbulbs in the startled faces of the freakish and famous, then hanging his documents like instant frescoes above the cashier's table. The larger-than-life photos reduced everyone and everything to the level of a cartoon—rock star Johnny Winter coming on like a wigged out Jimmy Durante, Mick Jagger as the Bebe Rebozo of Glamordom—a theme that pervades all of Perich's work. "All that I do is so... cartoonish," he explains, "That's America as I see it, America in 1974, and most of all it's New York." At Max's, Perich would be seen constantly poring over the patrons for a find, combing the faces for a mask never seen before, or one so similar to the already-famous as to be a caricature, like Marilyn Monroe look-alike Cyrinda Foxe. To elevate the anonymous to superstardom is an art form with Anton Perich who, like Andy Warhol, sees this phenomenon as a symptom of our desperately egoistic age.

In 1971, still photography began to lose its hold on Anton Perich, who had begun to wander the streets with a portable video camera and recording pack given to him by a friend. The new device enchanted Perich. "Whatever I'm doing, I'm interested for just a short time. I still love photography, but videotape is my thing now. It's closer to me, how I live and approach my activities. I don't get bored yet with video, and it doesn't tie me down—once I shoot something it's done.

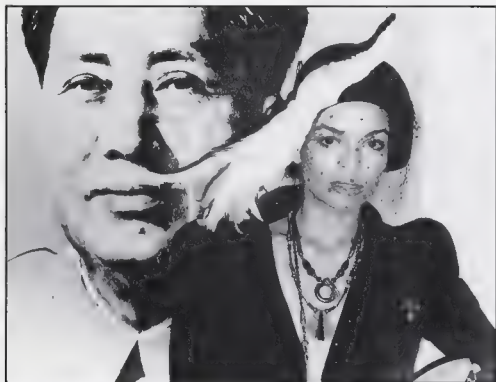
"I see no mystery as to how I started with video. Some people just seem to *know* what they're going to do. Even when I was doing just still photography, when I was new here, I knew in advance, intuitively I suppose, everything that I was going to do. And that's how it began for me with videotape. It was just there like a gift, and I found myself pushed into it—no matter how much I might have planned, and organized, and mapped out the future, as soon as the realities took over—the equipment staring at me—all I could do was act. All I could do was act on possibilities."

Perich began making tapes in his Gramercy Park loft with the help of his menagerie of friends, who cooperated enthusiastically with his zany ideas and irrepressible creative urge. With poet *cum* actor Taylor Mead, a veteran of the New York film underground, and beautiful women such as Susan Blond and models Apollonia von Ravenstein and Donna Jordan, Perich developed a soap opera parody form, largely erotic in nature, that depended upon the wit and casual spontaneity provided by an improvisational



Among those people who have looked deep into Anton's camera are: Bianca Jagger, Hugh Hefner and other equally famous personalities.





structure. The result was something new and exciting, something that television had never seen before—skin or no skin. "There's a very strong element of instinct in my work and my career," observes Perich, "and that's partly why I make things less boring. You see, I've learned to make the tapes first for myself—if they start to bore me then I have to change.

"I like sex. Yes, that I must admit. But my work is so much more than that. I like to be with beautiful people, I like to photograph them and, too, I like to videotape them. But the problem so far has been this: if I do the work honestly, for myself, it's Art; if I put the same thing on television, they say it's pornography. It's not pornography! The difference is only in the communication. Why call it pornography just because it's on television?"

In February of 1973, Perich aired "Mr. Fixit," a soap opera about a TV repairman who gets it on with a housewife and winds up with a lightbulb screwed into his ass as a remedy for hemorrhoids. Even before the show was com-

(Continued on page 102)



THE SAVAGE DIRECTOR

(Continued from page 43)

cative marriage of souls while Gudren and Gerald are driven to their own self-destruction.

In the making of the film, Russell found casting to be more difficult than he had anticipated. He had spent years involved with television and had worked almost exclusively with unknowns. Having avoided theatre and film, he felt totally out of touch with the kind of talent he needed. Finding the two men was not nearly as difficult as finding the right woman to play Gudren. With his introduction to Glenda Jackson, Russell found exactly what he needed and together they contributed equally to her part. Russell doesn't usually express in full thought what he wants from an actor, using instead gestures and phrases scattered here and there. He looks for actors who can respond intuitively, while he plots out his own methods of bringing forth what he needs from each player.

In an interview with John Baxter, Russell explained in depth the essence of his directorial approach to the making of *Women In Love* and also revealed his attitude toward his actors. "One of the first scenes we did with Glenda was the island sequence with Gerald and the cattle. The operator did his version of the shot of Gudren falling at Gerald's feet, which was hand held, and though what I thought he might be doing was marvelous I said, 'Do you mind if I try?' (One doesn't just snatch away the camera and do it willy-nilly) The fact that the light was fading, that she knew I was operating the camera and probably doing it badly, and that she didn't get on with Oliver anyway and hated the cows and was cold—these took the starry quality out of her and made her real. If they're cold and walking through slush and mud, it humiliates them a little and shows them they're at the mercy of the elements, and me."

With the filming of *Women In Love*, Russell had completed the first of a three film package deal for United Artists. He had been

promised complete artistic control over subject matter and directing. He immediately began working on his second film, *The Music Lovers*, a subjective biography of Peter Tchaikovsky.

"Tchaikovsky's life was complex and fascinating. His music epitomizes the Romantic movement, deeply personal, torn by extremes of joy and remorse, tenderness and violence," Russell has said.

The director has added, subtracted and rearranged the life of Tchaikovsky until the composer seems to be no more than a mockery of his emotions and his music. There are no bounds for Russell's vision of Tchaikovsky as a pathetic, self-indulgent dandy.

The film is monopolized by Tchaikovsky's homosexuality and his inability to deal with it. Tchaikovsky (Richard Chamberlain), in a desire to escape the undeniable in himself, marries what he believes to be an ideal vision. He gushes with the pretentiousness of a schoolgirl's first love. He writes an opera, falling in love with the heroine he has created. When by coincidence he receives a letter like the one his heroine writes in the opera, he believes fate has led him to his true love. But he is a narcissistic fool.

Within two weeks he is married to the girl who wrote the love letters, Nina (Glenda Jackson), and is whisked along on his honeymoon in a railway car to St. Petersburg. Here Russell creates a scene of pathetic horror. Using the dark low colors of *Women In Love*, he depicts a scene that is full of misery and unfulfillment, an inescapable nightmare. The camera twists and writhes as the scene reaches dizzying and nauseating proportions. Russell's creation transcends its vision to become a metaphor for all the dark forces that torment the relationships between men and women.

Nina's eventual madness and confinement to an asylum displays a further understanding of the imminent forces that are forever capable of exploding into life. The images that end the film are genuinely repulsive. The surface is stripped away as Nina writhes tormentedly in a pea

green madhouse, lying across a grating spread-eagled, while madmen locked below reach up under her skirt to touch and caress her.

The film's final sequences point directly to a candid treatment of the evil and grotesquery that is fully revealed in his next project. This 1971 film, *The Devils*, is probably the most controversial of all of Ken Russell's work to date. It brought to the screen a culmination of Russell's relentless and uncompromising vision of the world gone mad.

While most found *The Devils* to be excessive and offensive, Russell based the story on fact, always aware that nothing can be more grisly than truth. In a small French town in 1634, Father Urbain Grandier, the priest of Loudun, was burned at the stake—falsely convicted of obscenity, blasphemy and "commerce with the devil." The implications of the film far exceed its time. Russell wants his audience to understand and ultimately be horrified by the visceral immediacy and horror of corrupted power. Russell knows well how this story mirrors so much of the history that has passed since Grandier's death, and may yet be repeated again as we move closer to fear and ignorance in an age of growing confusion and depression.

Russell's style of filmmaking is a key to this film. The sets are a blazing whiteness, not the dark stone and dim light customary to religious depictions. The camera work is restrained so that Loudun becomes more of a stage where characters act out allegorical roles.

The senseless aspects of this vision do not keep the film from developing into more important political dimensions. As the spokesman for Loudun, Grandier opposes the tearing down of the city's walls, and as adversary to Cardinal Richelieu, First Minister to the King of France, he supports local autonomy. The basic content of the film emerges from political conflict, showing how the individual in opposition to the state is destroyed. Russell implies that although the individual may not succeed, the implications of his efforts whether right or wrong may far outlive the triumphs of the state.

(Continued on page 75)

Funny Lady

IN A RARE instance of a part and a performer seemingly made for each other, Barbra Streisand recreates her Oscar-winning performance of Fanny Brice in the soon-to-be-released *Funny Lady*, a sequel to the smash 1968 musical *Funny Girl*. A fictionalized account of the romantic and business relationship between Fanny Brice and showman Billy Rose, *Funny Lady* also stars James Caan as Billy Rose and Omar Sharif in the role of Nick Arnstein, a role he also played in *Funny Girl*. A Rastar Pictures, Inc. production for Columbia Pictures release, the musical comedy-drama is produced by Ray Stark and directed by Herbert Ross from Jay Presson Allen's original screenplay. Also headlining the cast are Roddy McDowall, Ben Vereen and Carole Wells.

The box-office success of *Funny Girl* created a demand for more of the Fanny Brice story, especially the period when she was involved with Billy Rose.

Stark describes *Funny Lady* as the story of a woman who found out too late that she was in love with love. Set in the 30s and 40s, the picture offers all the joy, color and fun of a rousing musical, plus a poignant story, liberally laced with laughs that could stand on its own without benefit of song.

In addition to boasting a top-notch array of talent, *Funny Lady* features some reunions of note. Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif worked with producer Stark and director Ross on *Funny Girl*. Ms. Streisand worked with Stark and Ross on *The Owl and the Pussycat*, and with Stark on *The Way We Were* and *For Pete's Sake*, all of them smash hits.



Barbra Streisand (above) as Fanny Brice takes up where *Funny Girl* left off. At left are Barbra and James Caan as Billy Rose.



designed by Ray Aghayan and Bob Mackie, who were nominated

Funny Lady also features, among other highlights, musical standards by Billy Rose along with original songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb, who wrote the score for the original Broadway production of *Cabaret*, for which they won the Tony Award for Best Score of the Broadway Musical. The costumes were

for an Oscar for their work on *Lady Sings the Blues*. *Funny Lady* brings Ms. Streisand's career full circle. *Funny Girl* marked her screen debut and Academy Award performance as the young Fanny Brice, and now she has returned to her original screen characterization, with an impressive array of performances in between. James Caan brings his own qualities of humor, energy and resilience to the part of Billy Rose, marking for him an entirely different characterization in his diverse career. His best known roles were that of Sonny Wortzik in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather* and the starring role in *The Gambler*. With this dazzling array of talent, *Funny Lady* promises to equal its predecessor in both critical acclaim and box-office success. □

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Shampoo

WARREN BEATTY plays the title role of a Beverly Hills hairdresser in *Shampoo*, a Rubeecker Production for Columbia Pictures release this March. In addition to Beatty, the picture also stars Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant and Tony Bill, and was produced by Beatty and directed by Hal Ashby, who won an Academy Award for his editing of *In The Heat Of The Night*.

Shampoo is the first picture Beatty has produced since *Bonnie and Clyde* in 1967. That picture, his initial production, won ten Academy Award nominations and became one of the top grossing films of all time. The three leading ladies in *Shampoo* also have impressive credits to their names. Julie Christie, who plays the role of Jackie won an Oscar for *Darling*, her first starring role. In addition to the Academy Award, Ms. Christie was acclaimed Best Actress of the Year by the New York Film Critics, the Variety Club of Great Britain and the British Film Academy. Her most recent film was the thriller *Don't Look Now*. Goldie Hawn won the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress for her role in *Cactus Flower*. Like Julie Christie, the Oscar was for her first film performance. She won additional critical acclaim for her roles in *Butterflies Are Free* and *The Sugarland Express*. Ms. Hawn plays Jill in *Shampoo*. Lee Grant, who plays Felicia, was nominated twice for an Academy Award, once for *Detective Story* and once for *The Landlord*, as well as winning an Emmy for her performance in the television drama *The Neon Ceiling*. Beatty has appeared with two of his female co-stars previously, teaming with

Julie Christie in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and with Goldie Hawn in *\$*.

In addition to Warren Beatty, three Hollywood film producers appear in *Shampoo* in acting roles. Tony Bill who produced *The Sting*, William Castle, producer of *Rosemary's Baby*, and Brad Dexter, who produced *The Naked Runner* with Frank Sinatra. Also featured in the film is Carrie Fisher, the 17-year-old daughter of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, who makes her screen

debut, playing the role of Lorna, Lee Grant's teen-age daughter. The costumes for *Shampoo* were designed by Anthea Sylbert, who designed the costumes for *Chinatown*, *Carnal Knowledge* and *Rosemary's Baby*. Ms. Sylbert's costumes capture the film's 1968 setting during the hey-day of the mini-skirt. □

Beverly Hills hairdresser Warren Beatty takes care of customer Julie Christie.



THE SAVAGE DIRECTOR

(Continued from page 72)

Richelieu succeeds in his drive for power because he uses the Church's pent-up emotions and fixations with evil to exploit the power of religious passion. Russell conveys this madness and deterioration with unparalleled vividness. "Possessed," the nuns of Loudun cavort in the nude as a howling, jeering mob watches the performing circus.

As all attempts to extract a confession from Grandier fail, Russell's filmmaking reaches its most violent and repulsive levels. The scenes are shocking, yet to deny the truth of the final agonies of this priest would have been to deny that the man ever lived. Grandier's broken body is displayed for a madly delighted public as the crazed nuns act out their last performance. Through Russell we witness the final agonies of Grandier, who while burning at the stake, is able to see his wall disintegrating.

After the culmination reached in *The Devils*, Russell chose to make a film that would be a kind of enjoyable escape. He settled on *The Boyfriend*, a patchwork from a vanished era of mindless musical comedies.

Based on Sandy Wilson's play, the framework for the film is a backstage view of the matinee presentation of a play called "The Boyfriend." There are all the clichés found in the typical story of a second-rate company that wants to make it big because there is a Hollywood producer who is going to see the show.

Filled with tinsel and glitter, missed cues and tears, there are all the stylizations and conventions which comprise the tradition of musical entertainment. Twiggy stars as Paula, the mousey little nobody who is suddenly discovered when the leading man takes off the glasses she is wearing and a ravishing star is born. Ken Russell, a lover of music and delusion, creates a satire both on the people in the theatre and the audience who stumble and grope for some sense of reality in a world of illusion.

His next film, *Savage Messiah*, is the story of Henri Gaudier

Breska, an artist that Russell says he first came across when he himself was an aspiring young artist. "Bohemia seemed very attractive at that age, and you can imagine that you're going to suffer, toil away unrecognized for years and then suddenly one day you're going to be discovered."

Savage Messiah is a return to Russell's format of the artist at odds with society. Henri Gaudier-Breska is at war with the world, the symbolic ideal of the artist. Nothing he does is without a driving passion. "Of course he was very much the outsider against society, believing in himself and gradually winning against the odds, but of course he wasn't conscious he was the outsider."

Gaudier (Scott Antony) was a promising French artist living in Paris when he met and fell in love with Sophie Breska (Dorothy Tutin) who was 20 years older than he. They were drawn to each other with a fervor second only to their art. In a declaration of platonic love they declare themselves brother and sister, exchanging their names as a symbol of their union.

Gaudier was impetuous and reckless. Even as the First World War surrounded him, he ignored it, engulfing himself in his work. Like a thoughtless child, he eventually succumbs and enlists upon hearing of the German's burning of Rheims Cathedral outside Paris. He died within months, never having seen his work finally accepted.

In Russell's treatment of Gaudier-Breska, one senses the presence of Russell himself. The parallel is not forced, but is there to be seen. Like Gaudier, Russell is a tough craftsman who is often pressed with his own passions to the point that his work wavers perilously. Both worked in a style that was contemporary to their time, defying their public with their incredible output and aggressive style. (Russell has produced five films in three years).

"I wanted *Savage Messiah* to be totally different... back to the BBC sort of style with a small unit." It marks a return from Russell's later excesses to the simple and direct format of his earlier work. The film, however, evokes feelings of grace and

tenderness unseen until this time. Within this, one senses an exuberance without the disconcerting feeling that Russell is laughing at Gaudier—or us.

Having often described himself as a slave to time, Russell moves continually from one film to another. A major project he has begun is a series of film interpretations of the lives of six composers. The first film "Mahler" was completed in December of 1973. It is a portrait of the death-haunted Austrian composer and his embittered wife.

"Most of my films on composers evolve through a stream of consciousness in which the man and the myth, the music and its meaning, time, place, dream and fact all flow and blend into the mainstream of the film itself. The lifespan of a man is measured in years, the screen-time of a film on him is measured in minutes. Given this fact and the nature of the medium, as far as I am concerned, the impressionistic technique worked best. When every second counts, it is often necessary to say two things at once, which is why I frequently introduce symbolism into scenes of reality."

Russell's approach to this film and those that will follow in this series is noteworthy. Conductors of Mahler's music have had their own individual idea of what Mahler's music is about. Russell's film parallels the interpretative style of these conductors. For while the film is flawed by a rather choppy and often melodramatic style, Russell's work is also a daring exploration of a different kind of film biography.

Ken Russell is presently releasing what has been called his most bizarre undertaking yet. The new film, *Tommy*, is based on the popular rock opera written in 1969 by England's *Who*.

All of this may prove ironic, considering Russell's expressed dislike for rock music. Will there be the negative insight rendered in *The Music Lovers*, the sympathetic enthusiasm of *Savage Messiah*, the flawed ideals of *Women In Love*, or the purely trite escapism of *The Boyfriend*? Russell has turned his vivid eye in enough directions to leave us uncertain. □

Meet Marika

(Continued from page 15)

releasing an X-rated film, and opened it at the prestigious Paris Theater in Manhattan, the very place where the French New Wave washed upon our shores with *AND GOD CREATED WOMAN*. An imaginative advertising campaign helped to fill the theater day and night, proving that a large audience exists for what was thought to be passe—soft core eroticism.

Among the lovely female stars of the film is MARIKA, an accomplished actress who recently visited this country and was available for interviewing by the staff of *FILM INTERNATIONAL*. She appears as the love object of Emmanuelle (Sylvia Kristel, who is displayed on our inaugural cover) while in Bangkok and working as an archaeologist at nearby ruins. MARIKA is a tall beauty who speaks several languages and who has appeared in several French films during her acting career. As for the tale itself, it involves a young woman's awakening as a true sensualist, encouraged in that direction by her obviously liberated husband. She has come to Bangkok from Paris to join her husband at his luxurious home, and is quickly drawn into a circle of rich, bored women who make no secret of their extra-marital affairs, nor of their bi-sexual tastes. She also meets an aging sophisticate (Alain Cuny) who volunteers to guide her through a bizarre realm of sexual activity, all in the interest of helping her to emerge as a "complete woman" through achieving the ultimate in sensual experience. MARIKA, below, gives us some first-hand glimpses of what happened behind the scenes.

Editors: Marika is an odd name. How did you come by it?

Marika: My original name was Marika Green. I was born of a Swedish father and a French mother, who was a singer. She named me Marika in honor of a then famous Hungarian actress

she admired. I dropped the last name when at an early age I became a ballet dancer, and appeared with the Paris Opera.

Editors: From ballet to film acting is a major step. How did it happen?

Marika: For one thing, at five feet nine inches I was tall for a dancer. A Greek director I had met thought I might be better for films. He knew of a film to be made by the great French director, Robert Bresson, and introduced me to him. The film was called *PICKPOCKET*, and I was the only female in it. From then on I made my career in films.

Editors: From a classic like *PICKPOCKET* to so erotic a film as *EMMANUELLE* is quite a change. Any qualms about it?

Marika: None whatsoever. Bresson's film was done many years ago and there's been quite an evolution since then. One comes to accept the difference gradually. When the book came out it was banned. Not only that, the publisher was brought into court on a charge of offending public morality. By the time he left the court he had lost all his gains from the book's immense underground sales, he lost his publishing business and had been deprived of his civil rights. Well, all that seems like ancient history now, quite barbaric. Then, too, my own career brought me into contact with all sorts of material. I've appeared in a film by Roman Polanski, who is not exactly bashful, and I've worked with important French directors such as Rene Clement. Meanwhile, I'd gone through a marriage, had a daughter (with whom I now live) and encountered eroticism in my own life. So, *EMMANUELLE*, which gave me more than a mere sex-pot role seemed a natural enough thing to do.

Editors: How did you happen to be chosen for the part?

Marika: Mainly, I suppose, because I knew the director, who thought I would be right for it.

Editors: Were you aware it was to be an erotic film?

Marika: Of course. I knew the book, and knew the film had to be erotic. The film, by the way, is

much more timid than the book. In France, the cinema has not yet managed to catch up with the boldness of literature.

Editors: What about the director, Just Jaeckin? We hadn't heard of him before *EMMANUELLE*.

Marika: It's his first film. He was originally in fashion photography, and he also made filmed commercials. It's also the producer's first film. His name is Yves Rousset-Rouard, and his firm produced the commercials made by Jaeckin. It's understandable that he would know Jaeckin's ability and want him to direct. The rights to *EMMANUELLE* were owned for many years by two other producers, but they were never able to get it made, and so Yves was able to re-acquire the rights quite cheaply. The film was made for less than half a million dollars which, these days, is not expensive considering the inflation in France.

Editors: There's a story behind the book, too. Can you tell us anything about it?

Marika: As I understand it, the name of the author is invented, but the story is supposed to have a factual basis, in that there was such a diplomat who wanted his young wife to be sexually educated in more or less the manner that's shown in the film. My own theory is that it was the diplomat himself who wrote the book, rather than his wife. And there are others who think so. I don't know the author's real name, but while in Bangkok filming the picture I did hear there was such a couple. It, of course, happened many years ago.

Editors: We have the feeling you really do know who the author was, but aren't permitted to say so. After all, the rights had to be acquired from some one.

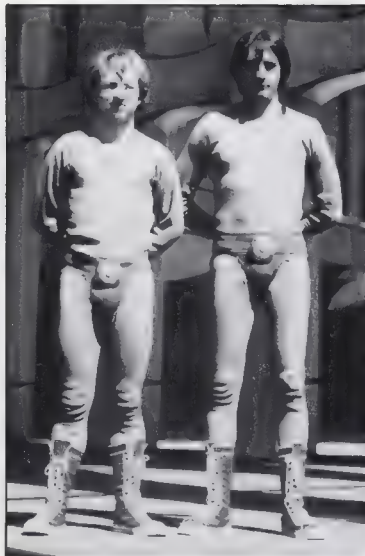
Marika: I've told you what I know.

Editors: You appear nude in the film and, also, as a woman with bi-sexual proclivities. What were your reactions when faced with such a role?

Marika: Oh, I felt okay. Nudity is natural enough to me. After all, I'm a Swede, or half of one, and

(Continued on page 114)

New York University's 34th Annual Film Festival



Two scenes from *Realworld* which won top honors at NYU's 34th Annual Film Festival.

By Ron Fry

THE TWO FUTURISTICALLY clad figures stalked through the neon light of the time tunnel. Time: the 21st Century. Place: New York City. Purpose: To prepare for *Realworld*, the world where all fantasies become reality, where dreams are actualized and logic suspended.

And *Realworld*, surprisingly enough, is the black-and-white of

New York, 1974, a startling contrast to the lush colors and futuristic accoutrements of the opening segments. Everything is fine for our two staunch explorers...until the computer errs and *Realworld* becomes New York 1974...the way it really is.

Realworld is a film by Brian Reisman, a student at New York University's Institute of Film and Television. Its actors and the entire crew who created it are

amateurs. *Realworld*, however, for all its "amateurishness," won the 34th annual NYU Film Festival and was recently included in a major showing at Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The times are changing for the new ranks of student filmmakers. Only one generation ago, the only practical route to fame and fortune for an aspiring apprentice filmmaker was through older, professional, already established

filmmakers—who just *might* take the time to teach a little while they worked. Except for a few neophyte (and understaffed and ill-equipped) film programs in some of the larger universities, it was also the only *available* route. "Learn while working (and starving)" was the rule. A whole generation of now prominent producers, directors, screenwriters and filmmakers did just that.

Ironically, it was the emergence of these "self-made" success stories that has significantly altered the pathways into the world of celluloid. Combined with a radical upswing in students' announced desire to "create"—whether in the literary, theatrical, artistic or film spheres—their example has resulted in a spontaneous blossoming of new and better film programs at colleges and universities throughout the United States and abroad.

The best American programs are centered on either Coast—and always seem to travel in pairs. In the West, the University of Southern California and UCLA are the biggest, most elaborate and well-known. In the East, Boston University and New York University lead. While it is difficult to pick between USC and UCLA as "Best in the West," NYU is usually acknowledged to be No. 1 in the East, because of its more comprehensive program, its overabundance of equipment, its well-known instructors and, perhaps most importantly, the availability of New York's vast panorama and the superior options the Big Apple offers. As a testament to their position, NYU film students usually average 3 CINE Golden Eagles a year and regularly place several of their



Young director Nancy J. Jolin examines a shot before the take.

students in top positions at the National Student Film Festival.

The center of all this film activity at NYU is the Institute of Film and Television, part of the School of the Arts at the Washington Square campus in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. It offers both undergraduate and graduate degrees in film and in Cinema Studies, the latter dealing with the history, aesthetics and criticism of film as an art form. If the

film division is the breeding ground of future Coppolas and DeMilles, the Cinema Studies department will produce the John Simons and Pauline Kael to criticize their output.

Although film students must meet the standard university requirements for a liberal arts degree and are pretty thoroughly grounded in film history and theory, they are afforded an extraordinary opportunity to be-



Take Two in a scene from *Through Another Gate*. This film is one of the few using nudes. It was by Eric Brahn and Larry Scharf.

come extremely proficient—conceptually and technically—in the actual, nitty-gritty mechanics of making films. As Jay Cohen, a third year film student, put it: “We get to do!” Most of the other students I spoke with echoed both his evaluation and his enthusiasm.

After a sophomore year foundation course called *Sight and Sound*, which serves as both introduction and intensive tutorial in the basics, film students are free to develop their ideas through a series of workshops, each dealing with a specific film genre—Narrative, Documentary, Animation and Experimental. Documentary films seem to be favored by both undergrads and grad students, followed closely by dramatic fiction, or narrative films. Experimental and animation are a poor third and fourth.

This theory of degree of

concentration, propounded after discussions with students and faculty, was fairly proven by the character of the films shown in the 34th NYU film festival held in mid-November. Of the nearly 70 films shown nearly 90% would fall into the documentary or narrative framework. And although I saw nearly two thirds of the films, none (that I saw) were animated.

Most of the films were surprisingly high-quality and professionally executed, not something one would normally expect from a festival of student films. Yet equally surprising, none of the

student filmmakers thought there was much in common between their films. They could discern no common interest or trend in the types of films presented. Many of them spoke instead of the “many things going on in this city” and “the different things we’re all trying to say.” Even the professors and instructors I spoke with wouldn’t break radio silence and take a stab at finding a common bond between the most noteworthy films... “independent creative forces” and all that, you know.

But it really needn’t be all that mysterious or profound. I think there was much in common between many of the excellent documentary and narrative films—and that was their treatment of people as the central element, especially if one could easily characterize the film in another way or concentrate on another element and bring it to the fore.

The documentaries, which John Grierson has termed “creative treatments of actuality,” adhered most closely to this rule. Mark Kittell’s film, *The Godfather Comes to Sixth Street* (work in progress, not shown at the festival) follows the residents of Sixth Street through the experience of having Francis Ford Coppola’s *Godfather II* filmed on their block. Mark made a point of emphasizing that the film was *not* really about “the filming of a film.” It was, he corrected, “about

One subject which was not very popular at the festival was erotica. Would you believe a student festival without one explicit movie?

how the residents are affected, a sort of communal portrait in a tense situation."

The other documentaries in the film festival could be similarly described. The filmmakers discussed various situations and topics *through the eyes of the people that were affected*. Judith Anne Seaman's *Talent Unlimited* focused on children going to a special, creative high school. James Lindner's film on Phone Phreaks—*Ma Bell's Delinquent Children*—spent nearly half of its ten minute running time on the story of the first convicted Phone Phreak, a blind boy from Tennessee. Martin Smith's *Not Just Meat and Potatoes* looked at the problem of obesity—through the eyes of four fat people.

The narrative films, in many cases, followed the same pattern, constantly zeroing in on one

character's reactions or carefully detailing the effects of those actions and reactions. Many of the narrative films, those more concerned with telling a story, as it were, also relied on irony as an important ingredient, usually in the endings (which nevertheless followed from the basic characterizations drawn on screen.)

In Gerard Cahill's film, *The Last Song*, we are left to finish the story ourselves. The film is left hanging—a girl in bed, quietly sobbing, her boyfriend consoling her. She's had an abortion. Rather than becoming wrapped up in the actual "storytelling," Cahill's film becomes a poignant study of the two's reaction to the entire line of action they themselves have chosen to take.

In *The Other Woman*, Lynn Casser turns the tables on a wandering husband who happens

to wander into a party—and finds his cavorting wife. Daniel Rosenwein spends nearly half an hour showing a mixed-up daughter how her well-intentioned but unfair interference ruins the lives of all she holds dear in *The Marriages*. And Aharon Lipetz spends nearly thrice that time with a single character in an insane asylum. Most agreed that his film, *Up To His Ears*, while an excellent character study, would have been better... if it only came up to his waist.

Surprisingly, most of the festival's films—and especially most of the superior ones—were undergraduate entries. The one "All-Graduate School" night was a sorry disappointment. Which is perhaps why Brian Reisman, despite his success with *Realworld* (two prizes besides Best Picture), has no intention of going to Graduate School. "Once you graduate from NYU in film," he maintains, "there's no reason to keep studying as an amateur. You might as well become a pro, get a job, and continue to learn while you make some money and get into the field." Many undergraduates agreed. After seeing the lopsided results of the festival—the graduates won only one prize, which many say was a token—I can understand their feelings.

One subject which was *not* very popular at the festival was erotica. Would you believe a student film festival without even one very explicit erotic movie? I wouldn't have—until I saw the NYU Festival. It surprised me, to say the least, but also made me rather suspicious of the powers-that-be. Could (perish the thought!) there actually be censorship at the East Coast's most prestigious film



Wet Exit actors & crew, l. to r.: Bill Buell, Debbie White, Veronica Losa, Traci Churchill, Lamar Sanders, Anthony Forman and Gerald Saldo.



Scenes from *The Godfather Comes To Sixth Street* about the filming of Coppola's *Godfather II* and how the residents of the street were affected.

school?

"Absolutely not," says Fred Gent, Assistant Production Supervisor. "Sometimes there's some erotic stuff done in *Sight and Sound* (the basic sophomore course) in the little three minute movies or something, but there just doesn't seem to be much interest in making a strictly erotic picture."

Is it lack of interest or just an unstated rule? "There's no censor-

ship, if that's what you mean. Students are completely free to choose subject matter and content for their films," according to Mr. Gent. "If someone made a straight porno movie—that was really good—no one would be very excited. Haig (Manoogian) would just criticize camera angles or the actual 'craft' of the film. I really don't think he would much care about the content. Erotic films are just no big thing here."

Haig Manoogian, Head of Undergraduate Studies at the Institute, agreed completely. "There isn't a lot of it," he smiled, "but not because I've laid down some executive fiat." Everyone seemed to agree there might well be erotic scenes in films, but only as integrated parts of the stories themselves. "We're serious filmmakers," a junior contended, "not some jocks out to make stag flicks. If that's what someone wanted to do, no one would stop him...but most of us have better and more important things we want to film."

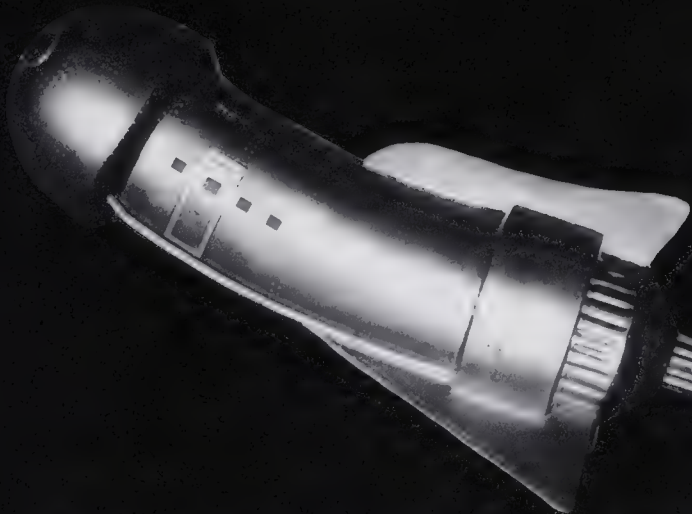
New York University, Number One in the East. It will probably stay there, given its plethora of equipment (nearly \$1 million worth, just in the Production Department) and the attraction of the streets and people of New York.

Oh, yes, and given the instructors—all of them top professionals—especially Mr. Manoogian, who Ken Golden, a former student now teaching at Brandeis, called "the beginning and the end, be-all and end-all of the NYU film program."

After all, although film costs are just as inflated as anything else in our economy (it cost 97¢ to make Vorapich's and Florey's classic experimental film *Life and Death of 9413—A Hollywood Extra* in 1928—and in 35 mm, too), where else could neophyte filmmakers work on a film like *Mean Streets* (written and directed by ex-NYU student Martin Scorsese), be one of the camera crew at *Woodstock* or have the freedom, instruction and equipment to make their own masterpiece?

That's why NYU is Number One...in the East, at least. □

The Unkindest Cuts Of All



"Certainly the ship is wiener-shaped, with a well rounded bulge up front, but who of us could boast pieces of anatomies with riveted windows or rockets in the rear?" Above is that famous ship, and at right is an orgy scene in front of the throne, and below are two scenes of Dale bound for a difficult ordeal ahead. Most of these sequences (or variations) were seen in the final version of the film.



By Walter R. Cichy, Associate Producer

THE SMALL SCREEN frames the silhouettes of the seven or eight people sitting in the audience. Their weary eyes are glued to the images in front of them, but betray no signs of excitement or forbidden pleasure. Papers are shuffled in creased laps. A groan bellows from a member of the audience. It is ignored. On the screen, a golden wiener-shaped rocket-ship plummets out of control into an extinct volcano. On the ground, the door of the strange craft opens and a trio of heroes step forth onto the surface of an alien planet. Dr. Jerkoff, pilot and inventor, takes a deep breath, "Ah, good. There's oxygen on this planet," he says.

Hold it! Cut!

Let's turn up the lights and tally up the score in the operating room of the MPAA, affectionately known as the Motion Picture Association of America. Its name is suitably impressive and vague enough to represent the small group of men and women whose duty it is to rate motion pictures scheduled to be released in the United States.

The scene above is an imaginary dramatization of the rating of the sci-fi parody *Flesh Gordon*. The facts on which we base this dramatization are 64 different reasons why *Flesh* received an X rating. Now, back to the dramatization.

A heated (warm might be a safer adjective for raters) discussion continues in the screening room. The fabric of *Flesh* does not wear well. "Scratch the name of Dr. Jerkoff," says one. "And the animated penis," yells another. (Two strikes, no balls.)

But, let's be fair. Not all of the group could have

been so quick to castrate *Flesh*. Morality or sex must be relative to the individual viewer, so let us examine the precedents and prejudices in the face of the final decision.

Certainly, we admit, that the ship is wiener shaped with a well-rounded bulge up front. But who of us can boast sex organs with riveted windows or rockets in the rear?

The R-rated *Groove Tube* contained a lengthy scene which was a close-up of a man's genitals posing as the head of a puppet. Why did *Groove Tube* "pass" and *Flesh* not?

Answer: Since a man's wee-wee can be thought of more innocently in childish terms, it is therefore acceptable to show it as a puppet or plaything. Aerodynamics and flight are much too sophisticated to be explained by the average layman. Therefore only astronauts above the age of 21 could view a symbolic ship without being corrupted.

The MPAA is an impartial group, unaffected by pressures from big studios or well-meaning producers with bulging wallets. A low budget film with no-name stars receives the same open-minded judgment as a million dollar picture with Clint Eastwood. In our troubled times of corruption and deceit the MPAA glares with unerring eye through the smog of Los Angeles.

Dr. Jerkoff! Obviously of foreign extraction and consequently an open invitation to rejection. That name and another phrase "power pasties" were found to be X-ratable. A startling judgment since nowadays a film can use any words it pleases and receive no more of a hand-slap than an R-rating.



rating system. Obviously that is the viewer's problem.

An X-rating was just one of the problems which Graffiti Productions faced. In fact, they expected the rating due to so-called "excessive nudity" and "humping," a favorite MPAA term.

Problems of this sort are not new to an independent production company; Graffiti is no exception. But the X rating was not the only problem to plague the film.

Some time after the shooting of the live action, and during the subsequent two years of special effects work (animated monsters, ships, rays, miniature work opticals and matte paintings) the negative to *Flesh Gordon* was mistakenly confiscated during a police raid on a film vault where *Flesh* was stored.

A court action followed and *Flesh* was released after representatives of the court viewed the entire 60,000 feet of original negative, removing 300 feet which they deemed objectionable. The situation, merely tense at the time, proved to have long-run and unfortunate consequences when it came to cutting the negative. Various shots through the entire film were missing. Three months of creative editing and methodical reeling through thousands of feet of out-takes solved the problem.

(In Hollywood, there exists a high reward for a missing love scene between *Flesh* and Queen Amora. The offer comes from film collectors, an enterprising breed, spurred on by the rarity of certain moments of movie magic. It may be a long, long search.)

But in spite of all the problems and tears, *Flesh* almost made it to the big time—Academy Award night, that special evening when the warped gears of the Hollywood machine spew forth with glitter, lights and all those old performers who we've wondered what ever happened to.

Flesh was in the awards race with *Silent Running* and *Poseidon Adventure*. The category was Special Effects. The great Gordon had satisfactorily filled all the requirements and the producers were informed that they were in contention. The day the nominees were to be announced, the category mysteriously disappeared. Later it was learned (although, there are conflicting stories as always) that the members of the Special Effects committee of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts had decided that rather than nominate an X-rated independent film they would drop the category. Academy Award night, *Poseidon Adventure* was given a special achievement award. (Earlier that

evening the producers rode up to the red carpet in a Rolls Royce, thanked the car valets, held up signs of protest and picketed. Naturally, they were gently coaxed away by uniformed agents.)

In spite of the Academy's non-recognition, *Flesh Gordon* is one of the most complicated and elaborate films to utilize animation that has been produced in this country in 10 years. It displays the combined talents of many skilled technicians, who, because of unions, would never have been able to work on a film of such scope had it not been for the independently produced *Flesh*. But even they had their two-cents worth of discouragement to throw in.

Animators and special effects people are a strange lot. They become so specialized and devoted to their craft that they fail to realize that it takes more than great intentions to make a movie, especially one called *Flesh Gordon*. The monster, an 80 foot beast who was conceived with charm and liking for maidens' bare boobs and black nylons, is a prime example. The animator's job was to make the monster as the director requested. Simple? Not quite.

The animators decided that they would make the beast move the way they wanted him to. Arguments resulted in pouting sessions while thousands of dollars per day were wasted. New animators were hired and fired. Eventually came the final product of all this effort—a monster with zero personality.

To compensate for the poor upbringing of the creature, an unorthodox method of presenting him to the public was decided upon. The monster was given a voice and thus film's first talking monster was created. Normally dialogue would have been written and the monster's mouth moved to fit the words. Not in *Flesh Gordon*! Painstakingly, words

were written to fit the arbitrary movements of the creature's outlandish eyes. Fortunately, the monster overcame his nervousness and has become one of the classics of movie monsters. Right up there with Godzilla and King Kong.

In another animated sequence involving enraged *Penisaurus* (they spring from the ground and somewhat resemble their names), one of the round-eyed giant snakes corners Dale Ardo, the dazzling heroine. In a composite shot using front projection, the audience was supposed to see the horny creature thrash the cowering damsel. However, the animator refused to film the sequence in that manner. He would not have his monster appear to touch that unfortunate maiden.

Had the producers understood phallic psychology at that time, as they did after the *Groove Tube* rating, they would have put a polka dot tie on the creature making it more childish and therefore acceptable. But they did do the next best thing. They reshoot the scene using a full-sized creature.

Two years and several cuts later, Graffiti signed a distribution deal with *Mammoth Films*, and the distributor decided to have a second go with the MPAA. Miraculously, the objections of the MPAA had dwindled to 24. Apparently this was an indication that decadence had gnawed away at the pillars of prudent distaste.

More cuts were made, but the X stood as firm as the "flash of phony erect penises."

Regardless of the various attempts to censor, discourage, eliminate or prohibit all or parts of *Flesh Gordon*, the interplanetary sex spoof blasted off in theatres around the world. Although anxious audiences may never see *Flesh* "nude hump" Amora, Queen of Darkness, high in the star-filled heavens they will see the little weiner-shaped rocketship and the monster that talks. After all, you can't have everything. □

Opposite page: Dale is bothered by Ming. Above & below: a nude wedding scene from the film, and at bottom a robot threatens the lovely Dale



An X-rating was just one of the problems which Graffiti Productions faced. In fact, they expected the rating due to so-called "excessive nudity" and "humping"....

Karen Black on Acting

(Continued from page 11)

her so much more depth. You can see *how* she wants things. How she doesn't really go after them because she can't, which is sad, so sad. Faye in her way is beautiful and I think John understands that. I suspect Nathanael West may not have been a very generous person. I'm sure I wouldn't have cared for him. When he saw the people he saw he didn't endow them with anything of beauty. I rarely see a person who doesn't have beauty. That's my viewpoint and that's the only way I can play a character—any kind of character.

"When we all first got together, Donald Sutherland and Bill Atherton who plays 'Tod,' John asked us to try and invest our characters with a kind of dignity. That dignity is not there in the book. I don't think you can make a movie about people who have no honor. We have to put it there even if it's not there. Shakespeare always picked the great people to have problems so that there would really be some ethical way of dealing with their problems instead of just being victimized or going under complaining a lot.

"*Locust* has been a hard movie. The hardest, most exhausting work I've ever done and there has been a great deal to handle." The emphasis on "handle" is deliberate and theatrical and Karen waits a well-considered beat before circling her way around to a point.

"What's interesting about acting and what's interesting about actors—and people don't realize this—is that for most of the time their concentration is on anything but themselves. People think actors are on ego-trips—totally self-involved. The truth is that actors are generous... really generous and they have to be willing to be the hated in order to get what they think is right to be done. For the whole product—not just for themselves. And some-

times you have to be willing to be the only one who's taking that responsibility. Really, all alone. Because everyone can't see what you see and you must stay within your reality. Even when you are acting your attention isn't on how you're saying the lines that much. The lines in a way are unimportant. It's what you are looking at—who your attention is fixed on that is important. What they mean to you. Who they are. How they look. Your attention is on this thing you've created and in a way it's all done *without* you. It's outside of yourself. It has nothing to do with self-consciousness—nothing at all."

During filming there were moments of difficulty between Karen and Schlesinger—and decided coolness between her and her co-star Donald Sutherland. In the words of an assistant director, "Karen is a strong number: She fought like hell to get her own way on a couple of occasions."

"There is a scene in the film which Donald Sutherland and I worked out in rehearsal," Karen said. "You see, in the film we're living together except we're not making it. And Faye has this thing where she has to tantalize everyone. She keeps doing it to Homer, who is this poor dumb hick who is hopelessly in love with her. In this scene he is trying to be sweet to me. He buys me some ice cream which because I feel crazy and irritated I throw down the sink. In rehearsal, I threw it down the sink and said, suddenly, 'I'm sorry.' Then I just felt terribly alone and I walked over to him and here was this poor lost soul. We just hugged each other and wept. A lot of this was improvised at the rehearsal and it was recorded, but the recording got lost. So when Waldo Salt went and rewrote the script it was changed. After I poured the ice cream down the sink I went back to tormenting Donald. I didn't feel lonely or lost—I was just mean again—a bitch—and when I read it, I said, Oh, my god! I rushed in to Waldos and had a two-hour discussion with him and finally got it reversed back to the way we had done it in the improvisation. It works terrifically on film and it just wouldn't have

happened if I hadn't fought."

"You know, people think that you go to Hollywood, you put on your makeup, and they tell you what to do. It is absolutely the reverse. You have to be willing to create the product totally alone. It is just one of the weird things I've learned about on this film."

Karen selected an apple from a fruit bowl which was also a repository for a number of phone messages and matchbooks, took a healthy bite, and stared into space. That morning the Hollywood trade papers had announced her commitments to do both *Airport '75* and a small role in *Law and Disorder* for the Czech director Ivan Passer. She was one of the few to have escaped the general critical lambasting directed at *Airport* and was singled out by a number of critics for her lusciously daffy comic turn as a beautician in the Passer film, although she was on screen for little more than ten minutes in all.

"I consider Ivan one of the great directors," she said. "I did *Born to Lose* for him and I told him that I thought every time he did something it would be fun if I were in it—even if I just stood on a street corner."

According to *Locust's* producer Jerome Hellman, "Karen is obviously single-minded about her career—which is a good thing, I think. Unlike other stars she seems to enjoy taking chances with it, going from low budget pictures of quality to the more commercial pass directed to a less discerning mass audience. Some people have thought that Karen had peaked—before she did *Locust*. Now they're in for a surprise." Maybe the only one not surprised is Karen herself.

"She's very, very career-oriented," said an actress once quite close to Karen and now a more or less casual acquaintance. "I've known her from the time we started out together in New York and let me tell you—she may seem scatty and distracted, but when the talk turns to work, she's taking notes. She's always gone after what she wanted. She's smart. Don't kid yourself, she's one of the smartest women I

(Continued on page 92)

Watching It



by Kenneth Turban and
Stephen F. Zito

THE OWNERS of theaters that show sex-exploitation and hard-core films have trouble with the police, the courts, the Catholic Church, local newspapers, building inspectors, fire inspectors, dishonest distributors, picket lines, and arsonists. The people who give them very little trouble are the patrons of the theater, who form one of the most polite, discreet, and passive audiences in the world. People sit as far apart as possible, unmoving, seldom laughing even when the film being shown is a comedy. The explanations for such good behavior vary: the fear of being arrested, or even noticed, in a sex theater; a disinterest in any kind of physical relationship, violent or loving, with another human being in the auditorium; or a total absorption in some inner fantasy life. And although there is evidently a certain amount of covert onanism

Fans and Fantasies

*Harry Reams and Shawn Harris in
Sometime Sweet Susan, above.*

(leading to jokes about unusual uses for hats, raincoats, briefcases, folded newspapers, and popcorn boxes), there is very little overt mess. Even the prostitutes who reportedly work the theaters are generally unable to compete with the hard-core fantasies on the screen. On Eighth Avenue in New York, where masseuses walk through grind houses (connected to massage parlors by a common entrance) late at night calling out, "Last chance for a massage,"

there are few takers. Given the choice between local and media massage, the rapt audience chooses fantasy over reality.

There has been endless speculation about the dirty old men in semen-spotted black raincoats who frequent sex theaters, but until recently no one bothered to find out who all these people really are. It was the researchers for the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography who did the obvious, going into the streets and interviewing the patrons of adult film theaters, with a mixture of predictable and startling results.

Harold Nawy and his researchers made detailed observations of adults in the San Francisco adult theaters and found:

... a preponderance of male (96 per cent), white (69 per cent) customers, the model age group of which was thirty-five to forty-six years. The average customers observed were dressed casually but neatly (49 per cent) (the second most popular attire



Above is a still from Portrait. On the opposite page, from top are stills from Portrait, Sometime Sweet Susan (Shawn Harris and Craig Baumgarten) and a head shot of Shawn Harris.

was coat-and-tie—38 per cent), were of average physical appearance (91 per cent) and entered the theater unaccompanied (85 per cent.... Our data also indicated that over 50 per cent of the adult movie theater business is conducted during the 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. working day. This is in sharp contrast to general motion-picture theaters.

These patrons were asked to fill out a detailed questionnaire, the results of which, when compiled, showed them to be predominantly married, college-educated, upwardly mobile white-collar workers with an average income of \$12,000 a year—not exactly the traditional picture of lonely men troubled by the symptoms of advancing age and missing something in their lives. In fact, these men, according to the Nawy study, were in the prime of their sexual life. Nawy states:

Frequency of intercourse was also high for the majority of the respondents. Most stated that they had intercourse twice a week or more. In addition, we noted that a significant degree

of promiscuity was evident in our respondent population. Most had had intercourse with two or more different persons during the last year. More than half of the married men responding were included in this category, and more than half of the respondents state that viewing sex movies has improved their sex lives.

The erotic film thus seems to be not a replacement for sex but rather a sexual stimulus, helping to maintain a high level of sexual awareness by repeated exposure to nudity and explicit sex.

Harold Nawy's findings in San Francisco were expanded by those of Charles Winnick, a sociologist at the City College of New York, who conducted a survey of the consumers of adult films in Manhattan, interviewing a hundred white, middle-class patrons as they were leaving dirty-movie houses. More than half of those interviewed attended regularly—a few of them with compulsive regularity—always seeing a new film on the first day in order to view it before the hot parts were cut out. The patrons chose their movies in

two ways. The casual, spontaneous moviegoer went to the theater that was the handiest, but the hard-core buffs chose theaters on the basis of movie quality. Few of the patrons read reviews. Most came because word-of-mouth was good or because they had seen a trailer and remembered the elaborate come-on as promising. (The role of trailers in the sex-film business is a crucial one. They are usually longer than the average Hollywood trailer, and they sometimes show the most explicit part of the film, not until recently being subject to prior censorship in many localities.) The fans interviewed by Winnick displayed a high degree of consumerism. They discussed innovations and variations of conventions, noted mistakes in production, and even speculated about the circumstances surrounding the making of the films from internal evidence. This is not as strange as it might sound, for hard-core films are often patched together from bits and pieces, with old come shots edited into new films. The men also complained about the retitling of old films and poor



sound quality in many of the films. sound quality.

Many of the men who responded to the Winnick interviews stressed the importance of the didactic aspects of the movies they saw. "It really is educational," commented one viewer.

I saw one film, about fifteen minutes long, where you could actually see a vagina, covering the whole screen, and throbbing with the fluid running. You know for sure that she is coming the same way you know a man is coming when you see the sperm moving out. Where else could you see a vagina twenty feet high, and learn how it works and looks. They look so real.

The men prided themselves on the ability to judge the beauty of the performers and complained that some of them were unattractive, evidencing every affliction from hemorrhoids to heroin addiction. One man accused an actress of being unfair because "I could tell that she was wearing a toupee over her pussy." And another viewer said, "I watch the girl to see if there is something special in her eyes, something human and personal. I can respond to that, but just seeing the body of a girl doesn't grab me any more the way it did. I'm sorry about that. I miss it." This comment, and others like it, corroborate Joseph Slade's hypothesis in his *Transaction* (November-December 1971) article, "Pornographic Theaters off Times Square":

The reality on screen is simply physical presence wrapped in artifice, and the audience, fighting the threatening impersonality, turns in desperation to the little individuality that physicality can reveal. Thrown back on apprehension of one dimension, the patrons plumb it for a source of fantasy. Physical idiosyncrasies are savored: moles, caesarian and appendectomy scars, a tattooed "Prop-

erty of Hell's Angels" on a buttock, even hair styles, dangling earrings, a crucifix bumping between breasts. Fantasy requires fairly specific stimulus, and wherever fantasy is thwarted, the mind searches for some individuality to offset the impersonality. For this reason, a good stag film will concentrate on the faces of the participants, especially the females, for faces indicate dimly what the actors think and feel ...when a novice cameraman focuses on what he thinks should be the center of interest in a sex film, holding close-ups of churning genitals, the audience goes to sleep. When an ingenue accidentally glances straight into the camera and smiles shyly before averting her face, the ripple of attention is perceptible.

In general, qualifications for stardom in sex-exploitation films are minimal. The veteran performers usually have in common average good looks, the ability to do what little acting is required of them, and the willingness to work in a profession that does not pay well and does not, with certain extremely rare exceptions, lead to a Hollywood career. But the best-known actors also have something about their personalities or their pasts—something of that individuality the audience so values—that can be exploited successfully both on the set and in subsequent advertising campaigns. The first name performers were already famous strippers like Tempest Storm, Blaze Starr, and Candy Barr who only worked in specialty scenes in the early soft-core movies. Other soft-core actresses stepped from the folds of *Playboy* into sex-film stardom, including Lorna Maitland (*Lorna*), Sarah Kennedy (*The Telephone Book*), and Connie Mason (*Blood Feast*). A third route to fame was some unusual physical gift. Marsha Jordan, Ann Myers, and Uschi

In recent hard-core films, the actresses are generally very young and often disturbingly pretty; their performance is often an act of defiance.

Digart became stars because they are possessed of larger-than-life breasts, and while exposing themselves before a camera, developed the ability to perform capably in a demanding industry. The first two women have each made extensive personal appearance tours, keeping in touch with their fans.

Uschi Digart has been featured in innumerable magazine spreads and posters, in addition to sex-exploitation films like *The Politicians*, *The Godson*, and *Getting into Heaven*. Swedish by birth, Digart's first important role in the United States was a part in Russ Meyer's soft-core fantasy, *Harry, Cherry and Raquel*. She has nothing but respect for Meyer. "He is a beautiful person, and he knows what he is doing," she told an interviewer for *Adam Film World*. "I can't think of anyone in the industry being better at photographing big-busted girls—he's fantastic...he knows how to do it so the breasts look beautiful and not distorted."

The men who appear in soft-core sex exploitation films are generally overshadowed by the nude women, and therefore fewer have become famous. One who has succeeded is John Alderman. The darkly handsome Alderman, in particular, has had a long career and is a reliable actor, delivering his lines well and working in sex scenes without the suggestion of embarrassment or prurience.

As for performers in hard core, the story has been somewhat different. Acting talent was not the first prerequisite, and in the old stag films coarsened prostitutes tended to have the leading roles. In the more recent hard-core features, however, the actresses are generally very young and often disturbingly pretty. Women now perform not only out of a need for money, but also out of the conviction that what they are doing is an act with liberating political and social consequences.

It is an act of defiance against institutionalized decorum and propriety, like the shouted epithet at a student demonstration—an open revolt against parental authority and guidance. As one San Francisco theater owner said, "Most of the girls come from well-off, middle-class families.

They have gone to college, if not graduated. Their appearance in sex films is a way to show off their new-found sexual freedom. Dad is probably the real target if you want to get Freudian about it."

The new sex performers do not generally stay in the sex-film business for very long, only an estimated three months on the average. Financial need is usually the impetus, and most of the women get their first role by answering advertisements in underground papers. When the need—financial or psychological—that got them started disappears, they move on to something else.

The financial rewards, though, are substantial. The average fee for a female sex-film performer ranges between \$75 and \$125 a day for a full day's work, and most performers neglect to pay taxes on that sum. Moreover, there is generally plenty of work to be had, so that it is possible to earn \$500 during the normal white-collar work week, money that is sometimes supplemented by unemployment checks or money from home. There are, to be sure, occupational hazards—disease, rough action, the occasional police bust, pressure from parents, boredom, and fatigue—but there is always the lure of becoming a star.

That is certainly an incentive for Rene Bond, a *zagt* West Coast actress who, although not as notorious as Linda Lovelace or Georgina Spelvin, has made approximately a hundred features, both simulated and hard-core. Her most celebrated film is *Teenage Fantasies*, where she appears between each of the several segments of the movie and fellates a different man to climax, talking meanwhile about what she is doing and how much she is turned on by oral sex. Bond recites her lines with carnal conviction and an undercurrent of erotic feeling, and she has capitalized on that ability to build one of the most prolific, professional careers in the business. Though she seems to lack the talent for self-promotion that is necessary to manipulate the media, she is surprisingly articulate about the work of making sex films. "You're saying things that aren't normal for two people making love," she has



B.H.C. (Before Hard Core) scenes from sex films showed female nudity only.



Above is Deborah Ashira in *Memories Within*. At right are Kim Pope and Rod Everett.

commented in an *Adam Film World* interview. "There's fifteen people around, and there's five hundred degrees of lights burning down on you for two hours." Thus, she does not become erotically involved even when she works with her steady boyfriend. Instead, she considers filmmaking a career, a lucrative source of present income (she makes \$100 a day) and future employment.

The requirements for male hard-core stardom, unlike those for women are quite definite: the possession of a large sexual organ and the ability to use it on cue and thereby safeguard the producer's substantial investment. One who fits the bill is George McDonald, onetime president of his senior class in high school at Merced, California, and eventually an actor for the Mitchell Brothers. McDonald worked his way up from loops to features and by 1970 was making \$150 a day, with *Schoolteachers on Stage*, *Behind the Green Door*, *School Girl*,

Easy Woman, and *Family Affair* among his better-known efforts.

Mary Rexroth has said: He could turn himself on just like a technician. It's like a technical skill and a kind of pride in doing a good job and doing it well. For a while in San Francisco, every film in this city had George in it, so if you went to pornographic movies once, his image could be indelibly placed on your mind. He got recognized all the time. Guys would walk up, shake his hand. I think the men basically relate to the guy in the film.

Whoever it is that they relate to, there is a seemingly insatiable desire on the part of the public to learn about the lives of the new porno stars. Hence, interviews with Linda Lovelace on local television talk shows; the columns by Joyce Haber, Herb Caen, and Kevin Thomas on the antics of the new stars; and the revealing autobiographies by the performers themselves. Tina Russell's

Porno Star, for example, is a fascinating cultural document, partly reliable fact and (evidently) partly erotic fantasy designed to verify what is commonly believed about women who perform in sex films: that sex performers are turned on by what they are doing, that they will do "anything," that they get off on every kind and variety of sex, and that they are insatiable and shameless.

The great majority of hard-core sex films are heterosexual in orientation, with content generally limited to intercourse, oral sex, and group sex, the three forms of sexual activity that are most favored by and acceptable to the white, middle-class audience that attends sex films. Harold Nawy discovered, for example, that the respondents to his questionnaire had a positive reaction to those practices and a negative preference for social and political comment, long hair, sadomasochism, homosexuality, bestiality, and

(Continued on page 104)

Karen Black

(Continued from page 86)

know."

"Wanna know how smart I am?" Karen asked recently of an interviewer. "When I was in the third or fourth grade we took tests and I could have been in the second year of high school English. Later, when I was in my third year of high school, I decided to go to college without graduating 'cause I didn't like it there anymore. I took tests and I got into college without graduating from high school which I found out very few people can do."

As she talks, she communicates a boundless confidence in herself, due in part, one hears, to her experience with Scientology, a movement to which she has been attached for almost ten years. She is now a "Clear," a kind of *magna* graduate, and will say only that she considers the movement to "have it" and that it has changed her life.

When pressed, she speaks only sparingly of Skip Burton, a young actor to whom she has been married for almost two years and to whom, despite several stormy periods of separation, she seemed—at least while filming *Locust*—determined to stay married.

"We have one of the best marriages ever. We know each other and that's because we're the kind of people who belong to one another."

Then, abruptly, she veers toward a more general theme.

"People do know one another—we can. They only pretend not to. That's why people look down in elevators and get embarrassed 'cause they know if you look in the other guy's eye you'll both smile and know something."

"I used to spend a lot of time looking at people and I used to get followed and stuff 'cause people would take it as something sexual. Well, maybe people are getting better that way—more loving and trusting. I am, I know. It's there, too, in my work. I think it will be there up on the screen when you see me play Faye."

"You know, somebody wrote an

article in which they said it takes as many units of energy to act on stage as it does to climb a mountain. Because you are applying all your consciousness to each moment—organizing everything. You're using your emotions. You are making yourself cry, you are making yourself laugh and care. When you make a film that goes on for thirteen hours a day—when you get up at five and you are home at seven-thirty on a film like *Locust*, there are incredible things to contend with. Somebody who is working with you is always taking forever and you know you are going to be late and keep everyone on the set waiting. And that feeling alone uses up an incredible amount of energy. And then you go in there trying to make things go right, but there is always some counter-effort going on and more delays. Then you have to go in front of the camera."

Karen laughed a little girl laugh and wrinkled her nose; then, perhaps thinking better, that coyness wasn't all that appropriate to the subject at hand, she regarded her visitor with mock solemnity: "That's what we go through."

Two hours later, Karen was wanted on set. She emerged shakily from her dressing room tottering on high-heeled gold sandals, dressed in dingy gold lame with a bare midriff—costume designer Ann Roth's notion as to what Faye Greener would wear at a party to which some minor studio executives have been invited. Miss Roth, a thin, blonde, attractively intense woman, who had earlier described Karen as one of the most complicated women

she had ever had to dress, but who also professed not only respect but a "real affection" for the "curious way her mind works," hovered behind fixing a carelessly stitched hem, while Karen rested a freshly manicured hand on the sturdy arm of a bearded second assistant. "Ooooh you're strong," she said in a high-pitched gurgle which she frequently employed when talking to the crew, particularly before a scene was to be shot. Earlier, Assistant Director Tim Zinneman had bestowed the pet name of "Wah-Wah" upon her, inspired, one learned, by Karen's continual baby-talk requests for "wah-wah" or water, right before she started working.

Director Schlesinger, surrounded by his team was lining up a complicated 360-degree pan, which would, before the end of the day, be repeated some twenty-eight times before it was done to his satisfaction.

Karen approached him. "I've here, massa," she said, curtsying awkwardly. "You are, indeed, my dear," Schlesinger responded, "and not a moment too soon."

Karen took a deep breath, let go of the bearded assistant's arm, and stepped aggressively onto the set, barely acknowledging her fellow players, including Donald Sutherland, all of whom had been waiting for Schlesinger to line up his shot.

She stood still for a moment at the center of the stage, then breathed deeply again and looked up to where some electricians were setting lights at the edge of the set. "Yes," she said, barely audibly, in a sing-song voice, "You're right—not a moment too soon." □

VIEWING CHAIR

(Continued from page 61)

and frustrated, masturbates in front of her bathroom mirror. The erotic effect was heightened by the beauty of the woman, the sense of isolation, and the atmospheric tension built by the story to that point.

Something of the same sort occurs in *Emmanuelle*. The title character has been encouraged to give free rein to her sexual desires by her sophisticated husband. A

young half-caste girl, met at a party, visits Emmanuelle at her princely abode. They sit on the veranda together during a hot, languorous afternoon. The girl, quite shamelessly, unbuttons her blue jeans and smilingly engages in self gratification, explaining afterward that she does it often, and finds it very satisfying. Emmanuelle, falling into an erotic

(Continued on page 107)

Slipping Back To The 60s

By Barbara Mackay

WHEN I LEFT the great cinematic snoozeland of Long Island to go to college in 1962, my idea of a classic female dilemma was Doris Day's wanting and not wanting Rock Hudson to take her up to his apartment in *Pillow Talk*. My list of great actresses included, along with Doris, Elizabeth Taylor, Julie Andrews and Lucille Ball. And I took it for granted that in movies, as in life, the male was the aggressor.

So you can imagine my surprise on encountering, in the cinemas of Boston and Cambridge, a different kind of feminine dilemma: Jeanne Moreau's, for instance, in deciding whether to spend the night and/or her life with Jules, Jim, or Albert. More precisely, I discovered a different kind of female: aggressive, apparently not afraid of men, in control of her body and her love affairs, and willing (unlike Doris) to admit her attraction to men. Jean Seberg ran around, an utterly free spirit, with handsomely Jean Paul Belmondo in *Breathless*; a young bargirl led Charles Aznavour up to her room in *Shoot the Piano Player*; Candice Bergen passed her phone number to Yves Montand in *Live for Life*, without having been asked; in *A Man and a Woman* Anouk Aimee declared her love for Jean-Louis Trintignant before he declared his love for her.

Suddenly I had access to a world in which everything was sexually charged—even the most romantic falling-in-love sequences; a world of black slips, lithe bodies and passionate lovemaking in everything from French beds to Italian fields.

Yet the sensuality of those



In Truffaut's *Jules et Jim*, *Woman was restless and finally destroyed by man.*

movies derived as much from woman's emotional complexity as it did from her physical appearance. Emotionally freer than the chirrupy American movie stars of the 1950s, women in these films expressed not only the socially acceptable feelings, but the supposedly "darker" ones. In *Contempt* woman was contemptuous, in *Pierrot le Fou* she was bored, in *Jules et Jim* restless, and disaffected in *Petulia*. It was no mistake that my four favorite European actresses of the '60s (Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau, Monica Vitti and Julie Christie) seemed to have permanent pouts: They were honest women, not trying to win or hold men by appearing sweet and docile, women self-confident enough, and with enough integrity, to register their discontent with men or marriage or with life itself.

Since I had been raised in a normal, anti-pout American home

and trained since kindergarten to be more rather than less sociable and adaptable, the emotions these women expressed were like delicious forbidden fruit. Even Julie Christie's petulant, brutally capricious, manhunter in *Darling* and Anouk Aimee's spoiled aristocrat in *La Dolce Vita* were somehow sympathetic characters: egocentric, mercurial, cruel perhaps, but real women with real feelings, rebelling against suffocation by mink and pearls.

Thirteen years is a long time, though, and I suspected that looking back at those same films now—especially after the impact of the women's movement—I would discover primarily my own naivete, in discovering that those women who seemed so free and sensitive then were in reality tyrannized by all that sexuality, victims of their alienation or utterly subservient to their man.

In some cases, my expectations

were confirmed. Certain movies which seemed at worst innocuous in the 1960s now show themselves to be unbearably tedious and naive. And, though their failure is due to a great number of aesthetic flaws, their representation of women is so blatantly—even offensively—stereotyped, that it seems to outweigh other considerations: the films almost invite a negative feminist critique.

Godard's *Pierrot le Fou*, for instance: I found that my memory had blotted out all but the scene on a deserted island, when the allure of nature has begun to wear off: Anna Karina parades along the beach announcing her boredom, disturbing Jean-Paul Belmondo's obsessive diary-writing. I suppose that several years ago the scene struck me as one of the great moments in female protestation, on the order of Jeanne Moreau's leap into the Seine in *Jules et Jim*. But now, it's just another moment in a facile, female-accessory movie in which a woman waits on, is led around by, and is finally destroyed by a man.

Claude Lelouch's *Live for Life* now seems nothing but an exercise in sexual cliché, in which the wife (middle-aged, brunette), is ousted by a model (young, blonde); both women measure the success of their lives in terms of their control over Yves Montand, a famous documentary filmmaker. Between assignments filming man's inhumanity to man, he's busy documenting his own adoration for a heavily eyelined and eyelashed Candice Bergen, whom he whisks off on a business assignment to Africa, where she looks inappropriately beautiful (unsweaty, sporting huge, gold earrings) in the bush, where she and Yves can

make eyes at one another outside the tents and make passionate love inside, where he can tenderly brush a particle (could it be mascara?) from her eyes, while they romp with the lions and elephants.

As for love in civilization, Lelouch designed one of the most brutal wife/mistress sequences in cinematic history. While his wife roams the streets of Amsterdam, thinking her husband's working in Paris, he spends two nights and a day in bed with Candice just around the corner. While the wife smiles at a funny toy in a shop window, Candice laughs at Yves'



Anouk Aimee in Lelouch's *A Man and a Woman*.

jokes. While the wife admires Art, Candice admires Yves' chin, chest, etc.

Even a lame attempt to portray the wife's "liberation" after Yves deserts her is something of an insult, since her new life is fairly tacky. Hanging out in a gaudy, raucous discotheque with an apparently mindless crowd of young ski bums, the ex-wife becomes an instant sex object for

Yves, the hero returning from Vietnam. As she dances, his eyes rivet on her thighs enclosed in gold satin pants and her breasts stuffed into a gold-lame shirt. Resisting his advances, she goes home to meet her new lover, but at the last moment recants and goes back to sweet, vulnerable, sloping-shouldered, dog-eyed Yves.

But not all the films of the '60s fit the pattern I had expected to find. Though woman's sexuality does enter strongly into these films, it is never treated as a phenomenon designed primarily for man's delight, as it is in *Live for Life*. And, for the most part, the movies that do have staying power cannot be fully appreciated through a strictly feminist interpretation.

Persona, for instance, functions on several levels at once, reflecting what are commonly known as "women's problems" with the same degree of complexity with which those problems are experienced in real life. Elisabeth Vogler and Alma suffer because they are women: Alma feels guilt for an afternoon of sensuality on the beach and for the consequent abortion; Elisabeth's decision to have a child is based on fear that society will find her unmotherly, rather than on desire; and society will have to change radically before Bergman's description of the distance between the familiar ideal of motherhood and Elisabeth's nightmarish reality of actually bearing a child becomes irrelevant.

Yet, despite *Persona*'s persistence to woman's entrapment in social structures and learned modes of thought, its characters are really treated as human beings whose troubles are genuinely

human—not just feminine—ones: the inadequacy of speech to reflect the deepest feelings, the equal inadequacy of silence, the inevitable problem of dominance and submission when two individuals collide. And it's just Bergman's ability to make *Persona* function on both levels at once that keeps the film superior to any of the more recent sympathy-with-women films—including Bergman's own *Scenes from a Marriage*.

Certain Antonioni movies have also retained their original appeal, for much the same reason. When I first saw *L'Avventura* and *L'Eclisse* in the late 1960s, I remember feeling a reverence for Antonioni's Anna, Claudia and Vittoria, of the sort one feels for great explorers. Inexplicably out of love with their lovers, tortured by a sense of lack, yet preferring solitude to the passion and protection offered by handsome, earthy, fickle Italian men, those women—as gorgeous in the Aeolian islands as in Rome—seemed to be charting dangerous emotional waters, setting out the limits of love and commitment, marking the ways in which passion could wreck us all.

Looking at the films today, it's easy to see those women as victims rather than explorers, and to slip into a purely feminist analysis of both movies, particularly since they deal with woman's social and sexual alienation, problems central to the woman's movement. *L'Eclisse*, for example, begins with a scene of classic male arrogance: assuming that man has total responsibility for woman's happiness, that Vittoria's misery is simply a function of his neglect, Riccardo begs: "... Tell me what you want me to do and



Anna Karina in Godard's *Pierrot le Fou*.

I'll do it. I promise you. I'll do exactly everything you say. Find something for me to do for you when you're gone."

Yet although *L'Avventura* and *L'Eclisse* are both, to a certain extent, about the central feminist tenet—that women want things men can't give them, or, as Anna says in *L'Avventura*, that love is not enough—looking at these films as evidence of woman's social, physical or psychological oppression reduces them. Though Antonioni obviously chose to speak through women (like Bergman, he did not use human beings who just happen to be female), he was not by any means shooting footage to support woman's emancipation from the suave but so insensitive Italian male. His women remain abstractions, expressing a larger human urge for the unattainable, showing how

humans fail to understand or satisfy one another for more than a brief spell.

Truffaut's *Jules et Jim*, on the other hand, can bear a certain amount of criticism as a film about specifically feminine needs. Catharine's jump into the Seine, for instance, is a clear protest against Jules' antifeminist philosophizing which begins, "The most important factor in any relationship is the fidelity of the woman. The man's is of secondary importance." The scene simply could not exist with the roles reversed. Even Truffaut failed in his attempt (*Two English Girls*) to make a similar movie about two women and one man.

Yet even *Jules* begins to wilt under too much close scrutiny as a "woman's film." To be sure, Truffaut gives a true, sensitive portrait of a woman who cannot live with only one man. But he does so because he is a good filmmaker. Where Lelouch (in *Live for Life*) used the aging process heavily-handedly, for instance, apparently as a scare tactic designed to make every woman in the audience want desperately to be the young model-lover instead of the older model wife, Truffaut used it almost apologetically. Catharine wistfully admits that when Jim is forty and wants a woman of twenty-five she will be forty-three. But she is not maudlin about it; it's simply another fact.

Then too, *Jules et Jim* becomes curiously vulnerable, the more its contemporaneity is stressed. Despite the unalterable nature of celluloid, no film can entirely escape the era in which it's viewed, it's relentlessly battered by all the mental baggage its viewers bring

(Continued on page 107)

Alain Delon

(Continued from page 67)

sistible charmer, Delon seems headed to be the newest teen-age heart-throb."

Delon really removed himself from the "heart-throb" category when he took on the role of Tom Ripley in *Plein Soleil* (Purple Noon), called "a masterly thriller on several counts" by *Films and Filming's* Gordon Gow. Crowther of the *New York Times* said Delon "makes the principal figure in this case an engaging combination of noxious and nice qualities. He is handsome, gracious and pathetic. You want him to succeed, yet you know he is a criminal. Quite a case of ambivalence." In this Rene Clement film, Delon killed twice, never with a gun, but first with a knife, and then with a statue of Buddha. In his review of this film, made in '59 but first shown in the United States in 1961, Hollis Alpert wrote in *Saturday Review*: "An odd film indeed... As the villain, Alain Delon is moodily, sullenly effeminate... the picture is decidedly interesting, for all its wandering intentions."

Delon's next picture (shown in the United States before *Purple Noon*) was the film that established him as an important new talent. The film was *Rocco and his Brothers*, directed by Luchino Visconti, who cast Delon as Rocco after one meeting with him.

Purple Noon and *Rocco and his Brothers* reached a high point in Delon's meteoric career. Rocco was the extreme of Ripley in the previous film, and Delon felt he had a closer affinity with these two characters than any of the others he had done. "In every part I have had to act there has been something about me, something about my life, something I felt much more than the others. I had something very close to me in *Rocco*, as I did in *Plein Soleil*. But *Rocco* was a saint, in the other he was a murderer—I don't mean that I'm a saint, I'm not even a murderer... but the idea and conception of the characters was very close to me in feeling."

He next played an unemployed

youth who boards with an anarchist family in Clement's *Quelle Joie de Vivre* (The Joy of Living). Delon felt this was "the most important film for me personally, and I think the best of the Clement pictures. It was a critical success, but never a commercial one. I gave the best of myself in that picture."

In 1961 Delon went back to Italy to appear opposite Monica Vitti in *Eclipse*, the third film in Antonioni's trilogy on love that began with *L'Avventura* and *La Notte*. Delon played a stockbroker in Milan and *Time* said he was "appropriately repulsive as a young man in a hurry."

In 1962 Visconti (who had the year before directed Alain and Romy in their play at the Theatre de Paris) cast Delon as the nephew Tancredi in *The Leopard*, with Burt Lancaster starring as the Sicilian prince during the Risorgimento. The picture carried off the Golden Palm at the 1963 Cannes Festival. Also in '62 Delon started work on a film, *Marco Polo*, and he had played many scenes for director Christian-Jaque before financial problems and casting difficulties forced them to abandon the project.

Delon's next picture was the top box-office hit in France in 1963—Henry Verneuil's *Melodie en Sous-Sol* (Any Number Can Win). He played a young apprentice crook and was co-starred with Jean Gabin, a smooth gentleman of crime who plans to rob a Cannes casino of a billion francs. In this film Delon did all his own stunt work (he insists on doing this in all his pictures)—and this meant he climbed ladders, walked along parapets, crawled through air conditioning ducts, and then went down a seven-story elevator shaft by the cable.

In 1963, with Christian-Jaque directing, Delon starred in a dual role as twin brothers in *The Black Tulip*, based on the novel by Alexandre Dumas. The costume swashbuckler was shot in Spain.

Delon and Rene Clement worked together for the third time on *The Love Cage*, the first time either of them had worked in English. Delon played a gigolo favored by two wealthy Americans (Jane Fonda and Lola Albright whose household was

weird to say the least. Critics called it "a lesser but still intensely interesting Clement film."

The year 1964 marked Delon's first venture into production. The film was *L'Insoumis* (Have I the Right to Kill?), which Delon found fascinating, because "it is the first time I have had to play a man in a picture. At the beginning of the story I am really an adolescent, full of strength and so on, then I begin to open my mind and my eyes, and at the end it is a man who dies." One critic said writer-director Alain Cavalier "succeeds in achieving from Delon a performance of great depth and transition, revealing a much greater talent than could be assumed from his earlier roles."

Delon broke his leg during the shooting of the film. Said Delon of the movie: "It was a disaster. It took me nearly five years to recoup the money. The movie ran into censorship problems, because it dealt with the political situation in Algeria. It has barely ever been seen."

In August 1964, the French weekly *France-Dimanche* published what it said was Delon's farewell letter to Romy Schneider. Then later when Romy arrived home from moviemaking she found—no Delon, but flowers and a note that said "Je regrette." On August 13 in the presence of only three witnesses in the town hall of La Ville Aux Clercs, a hamlet near Vendome, Delon married a Spanish divorcee, Francine Canovas, who preferred to be called Nathalie Barthelemy, the daughter of a movie cashier near Casablanca. They sailed on the liner *France* for New York and then flew to Hollywood, where he starred with Ann Margret in *Once a Thief*. A son, Anthony, was born September 30, 1964, in Hollywood. When Anthony was five months old, Delon introduced him to Louella Parsons as "my American son." He said, "I was furious when the French newspapers called him Antoine. I want him to be Anthony, not Antoine, because he was born in the States and my joke is 'he could be President of the States!'"

The Delons were divorced in Paris on Valentine's Day, 1969. And in 1970 Delon told Earl

(Continued on page 100)

Reviewers: Richard Kramer,
Elizabeth Weiss, Leonard Maltin,
William Christopher

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore

ELLEN BURSTYN quips and sobs her way through the title role of *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* in a performance that will be remembered, come Oscar time. Her Alice is a plucky young woman whose marriage to a nasty, brutish husband is cut mercifully short by a fatal accident. After the funeral, she is left with a sassy, precocious son, less than two dollars in cash, and no sense of identity separate from her husband. So she sells her household goods and sets off by car with the kid for Monterey, the town where she had grown up in an era of Alice Faye musicals. As a would-be singer, Burstyn gets to croon the mellow love songs from her youth even as she suffers the now-problems of independent womanhood, in an age whose raucous music is more likely to produce neuralgia than nostalgia. An adroit blend of tradition and the new, of comedy and melodrama, of sex and romance, Martin Scorsese's film should appeal to almost anyone not offended by raunchy language in a modern love story.

Alice's odyssey with her son through the American Southwest is a struggle to keep their spirits up and their expenses down in a wasteland of colorless motels and color tvs. While Alice tries to earn her way first as a singer and then as a waitress, she must also fight off the advances of two suitors,

engagingly played by Harvey Keitel and Kris Kristofferson.

Alice is less probing than two other recent films about husband-dominated women—*Scenes from a Marriage* and *A Woman Under the Influence*. And it is mere wishful mathematics to expect that for every two male brutes a woman meets there will be one gentle, liberated Kristofferson-type who will let her initiate the first kiss.

But if director Scorsese's optimism about sexual politics is naive, his understanding of our more intimate moments is profound. As in his earlier film, *Mean Streets* Scorsese's strength lies less in his portrayal of the larger, romantic gestures of melodrama than in the subtleties of speech and mannerism that we use all the time to signal our alternating affection for and annoyance with one another. The real love story of *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* is between mother and son. And it is told with a grace and charm seldom found in contemporary American cinema. —E.W.

Murder On The Orient Express

AT FIRST all seems well. As the lights go down our hearts beat faster—thunderous theme music pours out as the names of the stars spill onto a field of pink satin. The list seems endless. There are cheers for Lauren Bacall and Ingrid Bergman, and applause for the rest: Richard Widmark, Sean Connery, Wendy Hiller, Rachel Roberts, John Gielgud, Michael York, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Balsam, Vanessa Redgrave and Albert Finney, all



Lauren Bacall in *Murder on the Orient Express*.

together again for the first time. There's a neat montage made up mostly of newspaper headlines that tells of a 1930 Lindbergh-like kidnapping. In the warm space of the theatre, WIN buttons, sugar prices, and shifty Arabs suddenly seem the nasty memories of a bad, bad dream. Here, if only for two hours, we have nothing to fear but winter and rough weather.

Then the trip begins. *Murder On The Orient Express* has been billed as a "good old-fashioned movie," but are the crowds lined up in the cold coming out satisfied with what they get? Too many new movies do little more than remind us of the older, better films they're stolen from. It takes director Sidney Lumet two hours, several million dollars, and a dozen stars to help us through the maze of Agatha Christie's windy plot, and when it was over all I could think of was Dame May Whitty writing her name on the windowglass in *The Lady Vanishes*.

The credits are the high point of this talky Deco thriller. Lumet has set his film aboard the famous train in 1935, and his designer Tony Walton has swathed its compartments and the actors in them in a fog of *luxe*. But only rarely do we feel that people occupy these gorgeous rooms and clothes.

Murder On The Orient Express is dollar wise and shiny, and for slapdash master Sidney Lumet it is some sort of a triumph. Known for his rough edges and his ability to come in with a picture under a budget and ahead of schedule, he has made a film that drips with glamour. Yet it's so damn smart that the heart is lost—every smile seems painted and each word insincere. The problem can be seen most clearly in Finney's performance as Poirot. Hidden behind a waxed moustache and patent leather hair, he does a brilliant job of impersonating Christie's quizzical Belgian. It is a masterpiece of artifice and sly technique that finally is just showing off. And so, for that matter, is the vehicle he rides on. —R.K.

The Towering Inferno

THE TOWERING INFERNO is a thoroughly professional, well-crafted film—and a phony, mercilessly upsetting movie. For this paradox we can thank producer Irwin Allen.

By now everyone must know about Mr. Allen's decision to blow the bankroll on disaster films after his enormous success with *The Poseidon Adventure*. He even concocted a movie so big in scope (and budget) that it required the backing of two major studios. And he assembled one of the most formidable casts in recent history: Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Robert Wagner, Richard Chamberlain, Fred Astaire, Jennifer Jones, Robert Vaughn, et al. He engaged the services of veteran stunt coordinator Paul Stader and a team of crack special-effect



Steve McQueen in *The Towering Inferno*.

wizards. He hired a fine screenwriter, Stirling Silliphant, and—oh, yes—a director, John Guilerman.

What was Allen's goal? To create as horrifying a movie as humanly possible through the magic of the film medium. No one can be exempt from the pain of watching this film because every one of us can identify all too readily with the people on-screen, trapped not on a sinking ship or a runaway airplane, but in a building, the kind many of us work and live in every day—and trapped not by alien forces or freak accidents, but by fire.

Allen and his team have done a superior job of making the unreal seem real. But what really galls is the film's pretension at being an advertisement for the heroics of U.S. firefighters! The film is dedicated to these brave men, and the actions and dialogue of fire chief McQueen and his men throughout the film make *Inferno* the best public-relations handout firemen ever had.

What's uncomfortable is the slight aroma of snake oil that surrounds this "tribute." It's pretty transparent that the motive for this dedication is to simply give *Towering Inferno* a cloak of respectability—perhaps to shield the film from protest

about the intense way it depicts human agony and manipulates its audience to the bursting-point.

There's nothing wrong with a good action film, but excitement does not seem to be enough in this post-*Exorcist* era. Now we're supposed to get our kicks from the titillation of watching people in situations of pain and suffering. Well, if that's what turns you on, *The Towering Inferno* is just made for you—and well-made, at that. But for those like me with weaker hearts and stomachs who don't like everything laid out on a platter, we can stay home and relax with a TV rerun of *Titanic* or *San Francisco* and breathe a lot easier. —L.M.

Godfather II

FIRST THINGS first: is Francis Ford Coppola's *Godfather II* as good as the massive, people-pleasing, money-coining, Mafioso epic, Coppola's *Godfather*? Frankly, no. Instead, it is vastly better. From the shattered Sicilian funeral procession to the frozen mask of perverse power Al Pacino's face becomes, *Godfather II* succeeds in ways that the original dared not even attempt.

Filmed all over the map, from Sicily to Manhattan's Little Italy to Lake Tahoe to Santo Domingo, *Godfather II*—which cost about twice what the first film cost—is filmed all over time as well. Coppola has woven two stories into what amounts to a time frame for the Brando/Don Vito Corleone dominated *Godfather*. The film is never still. It is a grand passage of youth, maturity, death and life.

It is rumored that Al Pacino is not happy with the job he's done with Michael this time around,

but in fact, the performance is a fine, cold portrayal of a man's murder of his own soul while in thrall to what he sees as his familial duty: the continuation of his father's power and name.

The leading character in the sequences set in New York's Little Italy, Don Corleone as a young man, is played by Robert De Niro. De Niro is superb as he first learns to manipulate power, terrifying when he commits his first murder, but as he attempts to convince us that he will indeed mature into the Don as Brando played him in the first film, De Niro slips into parody. His stuffed jowls and husky voice smack more of Rich Little doing a nightclub turn than of the 30-year old prince within Brando's old emperor. But it is a measure of De Niro's skill that he almost brings off the impossible.

The finest performance in the film is offered by a man who hasn't acted in more than three decades, and for whom *Godfather II* is his screen debut: Lee Strasberg, acting teacher, muse of the Method, and coach to such stars as Brando, Marilyn Monroe, Julie Harris and Pacino himself. Strasberg's rickety, cattarhal old Jewish crime lord is a totally controlled, perfectly economic achievement. The confrontations between Strasberg and Pacino are alone worth the price of a ticket.

The other performances are fine, especially Michael Gazzo (author of the 50s hit play *Hatful of Rain*) as a capo with shifting loyalties. Troy Donahue does a nice bit as a simpy gigolo with designs on Michael's sister. Diane Keaton does her predictable WASP number as Michael's wife, and Morgana King does her pre-



Ariette from Alain Resnais' *Stavisky*.

dictable Italian matriarch who doesn't have a clue as to how all that wealth has poured into the family accounts.

Only a few moments in the film can be faulted: the frame-up of the Senator makes the horse-in-the-bed sequence from the first film seem like a Sunday school picnic; it's unnecessarily graphic. And the talk-to-mama scene between Pacino and King is simply sappy. But in a long, long film—three-and-a-half hours—a few moments of dumbness are to be expected. What's not expected in a film this long is that it is never, ever boring; Coppola may, in fact, have retained the gangster movie as a possible movie subject for at least a decade.

Stavisky

STAVISKY, starring Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer, is director Alain Resnais' most accessible film. Its success is due in part to the Belmondo-Boyer acting combination, in part to its incredible but true story about a notorious con man whose stock frauds and business machinations toppled a French government, and in part to Resnais' affinity to the period in which the film is set, France in the 30s.

Stavisky, like all of Resnais' central characters, is haunted by

his past. Having risen from small-time crook to international financier, Stavisky tries to reconcile his present with his former identity. His personality is a composite of who he is now, who he was a second, minute, hour, year or decade before and who he will be in the next few seconds. Changing each instant, Belmondo's Stavisky grows more complex and enigmatic the more we see him.

Resnais reveals aspects of Stavisky's identity through the characters around him. However, the real Stavisky remains hidden beneath the lush, elegant surfaces of the world of 30s French society with which Resnais' camera slowly but surely moves in on Stavisky, searching him out through time and space, but revealing to us only a fragment of him.

The film takes the shape of an elaborate jigsaw puzzle. Put together, the pieces present a portrait of a man who was a part of and yet apart from his time.

Stavisky was France's real-life Jay Gatsby, the richest of the nouveau riche, complete with Jewish background and shady, secret past. Paramount's *The Great Gatsby* tries to impose a sense of period by heaping up as much authentic paraphernalia (the cars, the clothes, the jewelry) as possible. By contrast, the French film brilliantly creates a sense of period through a simple, elegant style that it wears as comfortably as Boyer wears the cape and gloves of an aristocrat to the manor born. Their difference is akin to the difference between the old and new worlds that produced them. — E.W. (Continued on page 112)

TOMMY

(Continued from page 45)

"In the original album I heard, I thought it was pretty monotonous, I just got bored listening to it. But Townshend did that six years ago. For the film, he started off with basically the same thing, in so far as it had the backing group of The Who with the occasional added piano or extra guitar. When we finished recording it, we found that certain sections had to be extended. We always knew we wanted a prologue, because in the opera there is no beginning, only a murder, but you don't know anything about the people concerned, so you feel nothing about them. I told this to Pete and he said, 'You film what you think is necessary.' We discussed it and filmed what took about six minutes, then we discussed what feelings we wanted to go with the music. Pete then wrote some more music afterwards. And on all the other backing tracks he added and took away. Then with a sixteen-track recorder up in his attic he worked night and day adding moog and synthesizer sounds, either sounding like a symphony orchestra, but with linear, clean sounds, or something like bird song or screaming masses or whatever. To me it's quite an amazing sound and he certainly couldn't have thought of that when he did the original thing, and it seems to be a great leap forward. There's an amazing variety of texture."

Russell has more to say about Townshend.

"The way Townshend treated what is basically boring for me is what makes *Tommy* really stand out. Not being a fan of that genre, it seems to me that rock's a sort of straight-jacket that Pete Townshend will one day break out of. It might sound sacrilegious, and I never said that to him, but I mean that's his thing, he's been brought up on it and he knows the power of it. He knows it moves people and so forth, but, as far as I'm concerned he doesn't need it. I think it's a limiting thing to his development."

While in other films (*Mahler*, *The Music Lovers*) Russell has expressed passionate curiosity for

the composer, in this film he has actually created with one.

One unique aspect of the film is that every line is set to music, no words are spoken at any time. Russell responds to the obvious uncertainties of this approach:

"There was a danger of being very conscious that the story was being told by the people singing to each other, at each other, and about things. But after the first few songs you do forget they're singing. You can like or dislike the songs, but they just carry the story on and it's as if there had never been such a thing as dialogue."

Like any artist, Russell has studied the work of those he admires.

"People that have influenced my work are from an earlier generation, although I very much like dear, old Truffaut. I've loved Truffaut. I loved *Jules et Jim*, and loved *Shoot the Piano Player*. They were great. I love Eisenstein films too."

"Orson Welles is the only American film director who's influenced me at all consciously. I know I consciously copied him, in so far as you copy things you love. He is it."

In a brief memory from his childhood, Russell reveals something subtly linked to his life in the present.

"I lived on a street that no traffic ever seemed to go down. Literally it was a very cut off street in South Hampton."

"I do remember seeing a rather great flux of humanity, inasmuch as there was a terrible place called Cancel Walk, which in retrospect I realize was full of brothels and Chinese opium dens. It was a teeming sort of cauldron of people and flesh and strangeness."

"But in my little road I just had this big tree in which I would just sit most of the day and imagine amazing adventures. And there were these puddles in the road. This may be a terrible cliché, but, they did mean something to me because the clouds down there seemed like hills, that you could actually get down to them. More so than looking up into the sky which you could never get up to. Getting down there was the thing, and I would always just stare at the puddles." □

Alain Delon

(Continued from page 96)

Wilson at the Pierre Hotel in New York that he was "completely against monogammy. I am for bigammy, trigammy, quad-gammy. I want to be free. I am not made for marriage. Just the opposite... I might fall in love some day, but it didn't happen yet. I am not a gift to any girl."

Delon had always wanted to make a Western, and he finally did in 1966 when he starred with Dean Martin in *Texas Across the River*, which *Variety* called "a boisterous western spoof with belly laughs galore" and said, "Alain Delon scores strongly as the Spanish duke whose persistent gallantry leads to all manner of complications."

And in 1967 he starred as a lone wolf killer in *Le Samourai*, which Tom Milne in *Focus on Film* (Sept.-Oct., 1970—called "the classic gangster movie," director Jean-Pierre Melville told Portuguese film historian Rui Nogueira about Delon: "In 1963, before he told me he was bucking for an international career, I had written an original script for him. I told him this and he immediately insisted that I read it to him.

"The reading took place at his apartment. With his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, Alain listened without moving until suddenly, looking up to glance at his watch, he stopped me: 'You've been reading the script for seven and a half minutes

(Continued on page 108)

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Of Resnais and Stavisky

(Continued from page 39)

izes the personality of Stavisky. And that wit, that vitality, that good humor. That final lust for life.

But Belmondo is an extremely impelling actor, and I wasn't sure if I could get him to work with me. But not only did he agree—and that in itself was a great joy—but he was so interested in the enterprise that he decided to produce 70 to 80% of the film. And so he wouldn't inconvenience me (showing his perfect honesty, his extraordinary discretion) he carefully hid that fact from me. So well that it was only during the shooting that I found out, and even that was almost by accident. I insisted on the fact that we had worked together without the slightest *referencé* to this situation; not once did he make me feel that he had the financial power behind him. It is proof of intellectual integrity that is a pleasure to emphasize.

Moreover, Belmondo is an absolutely fascinating phenomenon for a director. The speed with which he concentrates—it's on the order of one-tenth of a second! One minute he is happily exchanging pleasantries, and all of a sudden, as soon as one says, "Action!", he regains his character role without hesitation and begins to act. There is not the slightest false note about him. He is astounding in his speed and efficiency. And what conviction he puts into it! You could ask him to descend a staircase backwards, and not only will he do it, but he'll make you believe that it's the only way to do it!

In any case, he was excited about it. It was a part that was a change from his usual work. It was also taking a big risk to leave his role as a stuntman behind, which had made him famous. But one would be wrong to limit him to this. He has a classical background, he was passed by the Conservatory. He would be very capable of playing Molière.

There is a character that we haven't spoken of yet, that's the Baron Raoul. He's a man a bit withdrawn from the story.

He could have almost been the narrator (he was by the end). I had tried to make a composite portrait of the characters who frequented that time, characters which I have clear memories of myself; he was very old, courteous, and refined, but totally racist. Although these attitudes seemed contradictory, they could coexist very well. I had the good fortune to get Charles Boyer for the role, because I had always dreamed of working with him.

There are some images in the film which seem inexplicable like the pyramid at Monceau Park, for example, which recurs in several scenes.

This is a purely sentimental image, which has a particular emotional strength. I wanted to translate an impression of melancholy there, or perhaps of superficial terror. I could justify it by saying that Stavisky lived near Monceau Park and would have had to pass this monument. But, in reality, it is more like a modulation in music.

And the blood that spurts on the grass?

That's an announcement of death. There again, to

create an emotional shock. The entire film is under the omen of imminent death, but it continues to hold it back with a feverish intensity.

I note in passing that the characters in your films, whatever you may have done, all resemble each other a little. Stavisky, the negative adventurer, has some traits of Diego, the "positive" adventurer in *La Guerre Est Finie*; he is a story-teller like Alphonse in *Muriel*; he is torn between his dreams and reality, like Claude Ridder in *Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime*.

All my characters have, it's true, the common trait of attaching enormous importance to the imaginary (like myself, no doubt). They are influenced by facts, but also, and perhaps especially, by that which is fabricated in their heads. I cannot conceive of fantasy not departing from reality. Picasso didn't make the distinction between a real apple that he painted and a picture of that apple. It is therefore very natural that it occurred to him to do a portrait of a painting of Velasquez or of Delacroix. Whether he was concerned with a work of the spirit or with fruit fallen from an apple tree, reality, for him, was the same. I find that conduct exemplary.

It seems to me that one is right to connect you to a certain classical—I would even say American—concept of film, that of Lubitsch, of Hawks, of Hitchcock; the opposite of other films that want to be "modern" and are satisfied with ad-libbing rather than directing.

This would be a whole other discussion, but I very gladly accept being classed in that tradition. It is very flattering for me. So much the worse if they blame me for differing from a certain reality in doing so. At least I will have succeeded, with my limits and my weaknesses, in making dreams. □

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(Continued from page 71)

pleted, Perich was offered several answers to his question as stated above. First, a befuddled cable television manager ordered lights out on the show already in progress. Then a flood of irate voices began melting the telephone wires of the Sterling Manhattan Cable TV offices. Andrew Heiskell, the chairman of Sterling Manhattan's major stockholder, Time Inc., had seen the program himself and promptly sent in a series of memoranda down through the bureaucratic strata of his mammoth corporation.

But Perich was safe and his show was secure. Having been presented on Channel C, a "public access" channel open to anyone with a desire to create and express and communicate, "The Anton Perich Show" was protected by the First Amendment, and even the cable TV management itself had dubious control at best over its own public access programming. Which is not to say the story quickly subsided, as protest groups formed and Sterling Manhattan sought to test what the limits on its authority actually were. "The Anton Perich Show" prevailed, after all, and its creator continued onward with his progressively expansive and daring concepts. Absolutely unimpressed by the attacks launched against him, Perich delved into such areas as political satire, strip tease, and titillating interview segments with top celebrities that he rightfully dubbed "Anton Perich's Invasion of Privacy." Perich took his camera to the Pennsylvania training camp of Muhammad Ali ("What makes me different from other fighters is Imagination," the pensive super-pugilist reflected, "The man with Imagination can fly."); he chatted with ABC newsmen Roger Grimsby, who allowed that the first thing he does after finishing a broadcast is get drunk; at a major New York fashion show, Perich forsook the typical angle on such an event by penetrating the dressing rooms backstage to

interview the models as they donned and doffed their expensive garments, the whole bit eventually degenerating into hilarious insanity as the models began throwing themselves on the floor, virtually wrestling with the video equipment, not to mention all notions of reality. Possessing a sure knack for understatement, Perich offers, "I like to do things that are not boring, that open the eyes and the mind. I like the element of *surprising*. I like new faces. I'm always looking for something different. Always!"

One should not be misled by the apparent frivolity and superficiality inherent in the work of Anton Perich. While he is proud of the fun and excitement he has created, he is well cognizant that his work today is basically an attempt to make space for himself and others, to push back the retarded boundaries of the medium for greater and more substantial projects in the future. Perich has a far-reaching vision of the potential of videotape media in general, and his own possibilities in particular. Time and the element of immediacy are of utmost importance to him. "Television is great because the moment you make a tape, you put it on the airwaves and it's, you know, communication, communication to thousands and thousands of people *right away*. That's an amazing thing for an artist, to think that so many people will see a piece of art the day after

Perich is equally fascinated by the implications of the hardware of visual media, and the theories concerning its use. "With my show, what I seek to do is employ technology. We know that technology in 1974, moon trip and everything, is used maybe five per cent on television. How stupid can we be! Look at the news—news crews work with old-fashioned 16mm cameras, using film that has to be sent out for processing and all, and each crew must have at least four or five people. It's easy to see that all the moon trip technology really hasn't affected anything—everything's the same as twenty years ago!"

Bolstered by the recent acquisition of commercial support, which has enabled him to move to the commercial channel on cable tele-

vision—and possibly the Metro-media nationwide network before the year is out—Perich has begun to project upon the pathways that now stretch out before him. "My show will be the first to rely completely on moon trip technology, being aware of it, using it—and doing so in the right way. It will be the first show made entirely on half-inch equipment, on portable color camera. Sometimes I think that's the most important thing about what I'm doing."

"Video cassettes? Never. It will never happen. You can't see the same show more than twice, and films are the same, maybe more so. Video cassettes are not like records, to be played over and over again. Once you see a tape, that's enough. Most of the people who make tapes try, you know, to make masterpieces, which is where I'm different from the others. When I make a tape I keep it, it's there. But I watch it just once, and then I edit it. When the tape goes on television, that's it."

"My show is like magazines. You pick up *Vogue*, you pick up *Playboy* or *Esquire* or *Penthouse*—my show is like those magazines. What Hefner did in print 20 years ago, television is open for now. I don't know if I'll be the one to do it, but something will be done. You can have beautiful girls who are naked walking about on television, and all the executives will be watching it. Just like *Playboy* or *Esquire*, I'm telling you. People like to see sex on television. Whatever is happening in print is now happening on TV. One thing's for certain: television *needs it*."

Helene's crotch, meanwhile, is hotter than ever, and Anton's camera is close enough to capture every spark. Cheyenne, her tacky sexual fantasies flowing fast and furious, has taken to rubbing Helene's genitalia with a handful of walnuts. "Ahhhhh," moans Helene in muffled ecstasy. "Ohhh," replies the equally enraptured Cheyenne. As Helene commences to cracking the nuts between her steaming thighs, 200,000 New Yorkers watch the future of television and moon trip technology fade into the night.

"Sex and invention—what better way is there to fight boredom?" asks Anton Perich. □

All About RADLEY METZGER- Well, Almost

(Continued from page 35)

Persson in Paris, where he had brought her for a dubbing chore (she spoke English) he asked her if she would do the picture with him and play a lesbian. "She was fascinated by the idea, although she was beginning to be worried about her reputation as a sex star. And, while filming, she was nervous. I don't know who was more scared of each other. Yet she was the most fundamentally creative actress I've ever worked with. And we both worked terribly hard. In spite of it, the picture was dismissed by most of the critics. The *Daily News* thought it belonged in an outhouse; the *Times* thought the girls were too old for the story. I think it was the reception that took the enthusiasm out of Essy, and today she's semi-retired. Even so, the film was a big box-office success. And today it's gaining something of a better reputation."

Some critics, though acknowledging Metzger's talent, wonder why he doesn't use better writers, so as to complement his technical expertise. "The concept is what you're so jealous of," he says in answer to the complaint, "and you're afraid, with a writer of stature, it's going to be someone else's picture. In my early films I even got jealous if the cameraman came up with a good idea. And I suppose I want the assurance that if a picture works it's because of me. However, in recent years, I've bought a play by Arabel, and a short story by D.H. Lawrence. And *Score*, of course, came from an off-Broadway play."

With the latter, he ventured into his first hard-core sequences, though these were scrubbed for the film's out of New York showings. And, in a reckless mood recently, he secretly made his first porno film, using a pseudonym for the director credit. It was made in six days and garnered raves from that portion of the press that judges such films.

His newest film to be released is

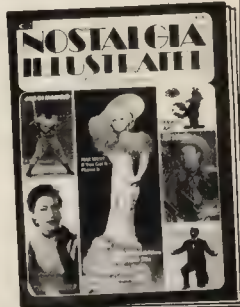
called *Image*, and is based on a French erotic novel called *L'Image*, by a writer named Jean de Berg. That name, too, is a pseudonym, as are most names used for French erotic novels. Metzger knows the real identity of the author, but won't reveal it other than to say he is a world-famous French novelist of high stature. A study of the book, written in 1957, makes it possible to guess the author. My own guess is that he is Alain Robbe-Grillet, author of the screenplay for *Last Year at Marienbad* and now a film director in his own right. The style of the writing is too similar to be merely a coincidence. The theme is sado-masochism, and the treatment mysterious and elegant at the same time. The story involves a man, a cool, aloof older beauty, and her slavish adorer, a beautiful young girl. They progress through a series of perversities, erotic, and yet oddly poetic. Metzger claims to have given it a lush, lavish quality, and thinks it perhaps his best film yet.

Metzger, now that he has gained recognition denied him for so many years, is willing to speak out on certain questions more willingly than in those days in Cannes when I first met him. He regards censorship as not only baneful, but far more politically motivated than morally. He thinks the current spate of porno films are still mired in attitudes of the Forties, when fellatio, for instance, was regarded as the male's pre-eminent fantasy, the kind of thing people didn't do in their own beds at home. "It's prominence in today's films," he said, "can also be accounted for by latent homosexuality in the audience." And he is still down on critics, some of who he regards as "clowns, trying to entertain their readership or their TV audiences instead of saying something meaningful about the films they see. If I do a bad job, I'd like to know why it's bad, but I've seldom come across a critic who can tell me."

At the same time, he is still the movie freak he always was. The next time I run into him I know what he'll ask. "Did you see such-and-such a movie? What did you think of it?" □

STEP INTO OUR TIME MACHINE AND MEET THE STARS...

Jean Harlow, W. C. Fields,
Mae West, Babe Ruth,
Tom Mix, Betty Grable,
Rudolph Valentino,
Humphrey Bogart, Sonja
Henie, Clara Bow,
Wm. S. Hart, Al Jolson,
And many, many more...



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"For Old Time's Sake."

Watching It

(Continued from page 91)

pedophilia.

There is, however, a small audience for films that present all the kinds of sex behavior not precluded by bodily limitations or insurmountable human reluctance. Actor John Holmes, for example, who refuses to do genuine sadistic routines in his films, has spoken of a friend of his who made a Roughie that was for real: "I know a girl who's really a sado-masochist. I mean, pain, blood, anything. And a guy offered her \$500 to do a film. He hired two motorcycle dudes. I mean, ugly-looking dudes, and they beat the fuck out of her. But she dug it. I mean, the chick was getting off on this." Another of the forbidden themes is bestiality, and although there have been relatively few films that have included anything more than the suggestion of human-animal contact, the few that have, such as the Danish *Animal Lovers*, have been successful in finding audiences.

Erotic films are designed for male audiences and are therefore almost exclusively about the sexual experiences of women. Yet the erotic cinema hardly offers profound explorations of the needs and nature of women: it offers, instead, the product of directional fantasy, based on the familiar stereotypes of the virgin and the carnal woman, variously portrayed as housewife, career woman, prostitute, innocent, servant, and pretty girl.

The virgin is the passive, innocent victim, the one who is brutalized, isolated, and despoiled. Innocent of sex and sin at the beginning, she is slapped and beaten by a man, cries bitter tears, and is deflowered. But this physical violation does not render her frigid; indeed, it turns her into a real woman. She becomes aggressive, carnal, pleasure-seeking. The other stereotype casts the woman as experienced, vital, sensual, demanding, and fiercely passionate—a creature of impulse and instinct, quickly and easily aroused, taking her vital pleasures when and how she can, enjoying

her own sexuality. She is the one who will moan and call for love mouthing outrageous things.

The role of the man in hard-core pornography is a simple one: He is potent, dominating, seemingly inexhaustible—the oppressor and the outlaw. Ironically, however, the male is often reduced to a trivial tumescence.

A 16mm film called *Two on Two* provides a good illustration. The plot is typical: Two men break into the apartment of two women, raping them and forcing them to submit to sexual indignities. The recorded image, however, bears another message. One of the men cannot sustain an erection during fellatio or intercourse; the other is clumsy and unimaginative in his lovemaking. The women, nominally the victims, are eager, inexhaustible, and understandably contemptuous.

Ultimately, the erotic cinema is a source of knowledge about human sexuality, both a rehearsal and a compensation in the lives of those who see the films. As Morse Peckham has written in *Art and Pornography*:

Pornography ... provides a functional corrective to the folklore notion that a good sexual performance is a simple matter of letting yourself go

Sex films, by accurately reporting what Henry James once called "the great relation," have become the largely unacknowledged artifacts of our times. How long they will be produced and what they will, in the end, tell about the quality of our lives remains to be seen, but it is certain that these films have created a new image of the erotic that, liberated from localized phallic sexuality, transcends the limits of the copulative act and becomes symbolic of larger human consciousness and feeling. The final question is whether pornographic films indicate that we are a sick society, enjoying a Roman decadence that presages the barbarian at the gates and the plunge of Western civilization into the abyss of blood and darkness, or whether they prove that we are becoming a more tolerant, permissive society, one in which the expression and enjoyment of sexuality is an accepted fact of life. □



The Fun And Magic Of Hollywood



"the sweep & scope of American films."

By Leonard Maltin

WHEN I WAS 12, someone gave me a truly wonderful birthday present, a copy of Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer's massive tome *The Movies*. To my mind, no other large-sized picture-and-text book has ever come close to this one for conveying the scope and sweep of American films, from the turn of the century through the 1950s. But several other people have tried to duplicate that book's success, and one that comes close is *The Movie Book*, written by Steven H. Scheuer, with an able assist from research associate Richard Koszarski and photo editor Mary Corliss. The tone of the book might best be described as Post-Sarris Revisionist, for it reflects all the influences that have come to bear on younger film buffs of the 1960s and 70s—elements largely missing from the

Griffith and Mayer work.

All the "right" directors are given their due here, as well as long - unsung cinematographers and scenarists. Cult films like Jacques Tourneur's *Out Of The Past* and Edgar Ulmer's *The Black Cat*, which one would never find in older chronicles of movie history, are included, while a refreshing viewpoint on the "classics" refuses to simply repeat the same hoary praises when so many recent rediscoveries have proved to be of equal merit.

The Movie Book also has timeliness going for it, since even the revised editions of more venerable histories haven't gotten around to Robert Altman, the Black-film cycle of the 1970s, sex and censorship in the post-Code era, and the recent phenomenon of made-for-TV movies like *Duel* and *The Autobiography Of Miss Jane Pittman*.

Of course, I still cherish my copy of the Griffith-Mayer *The Movies* and I don't think Scheuer's book captures the fun and magic of the Hollywood era as well. *The Movie Book* would not open new worlds to a 12-year-old, because it's too clinical, and in its effort to cover all bases, brushes by some important subjects too quickly; there seems to be some impatience with certain basics, the author preferring to spend more time on matters of interest to more astute or mature film buffs.

But *The Movie Book* has so many strengths—its superb and rare photographs, its well-informed and well-organized text—that it easily ranks as the best new cinema - survey / coffee - table book on the market. It's published by Playboy Press at \$19.95.

As movie-star autobiographies go, Ray Milland's *Wide-Eyed in Babylon* (William Morrow, \$7.95) is pretty good. More than anything else, Milland vividly conveys the feeling of arriving in early-1930s Hollywood, foreign to the ways of America as well as the ways of Movieland. His struggling years in movies make for enjoyable, anecdotal reading, as do his accounts of boyhood in Wales, but then the book falls off somewhere and never gets back on the track. Around 1938, Milland's fondness for detail deserts him and the remainder of the book, very brief indeed, is comprised of scattered stories from the 40s, 50s, 60s, and early 70s. One is left wanting, especially since these latter chapters are filled with sour diatribes about the world gone to ruin, the coming of hippies, etc. Still, half a book is better than none, and the half that emerges as *Wide-Eyed in Babylon* is pleasant reading on the subject of vintage Hollywood.

Citadel Press' long-running *Films Of...* series now includes some thirty titles, ranging in quality from excellent to awful. The worst are paste-and-scissors jobs that collect facts and photos on a star's career and leave it at that, with no attempt at original thought on the author's part, nor more in-depth research than digging up old newspaper reviews.

A new entry, however, eschews that formula in favor of a more personal approach. *The Films of Rita Hayworth: The Legend and Career of a Love Goddess* (Citadel, \$12.00) by Gene Ringgold, is an impressively researched work, with a fascinatingly detailed biographical chapter that would well

stand on its own. Following *Films Of...* tradition, however, it is accompanied by separate entries on each of Miss Hayworth's 61 films, from *Under A Paper Moon* (1935), starring Warner Baxter, to *The Wrath Of God* (1972), starring Robert Mitchum. In between, we follow Rita Cansino from bit parts to small featured roles, see her change her name and appearance, graduate from leading-lady status in B-pictures to better assignments in better films, and finally evolve into a superstar in such 1940s outings as *Cover Girl*, *Gilda*, and *The Lady From Shanghai*. There are several hundred outstanding illustrations, including scenes, publicity shots, candid and newspaper photos, along with complete credit and cast information on every film.

Ringgold does not provide a plot synopsis, however, opting instead for his own critique/descriptions, and adding quotes from contemporary newspaper and magazine reviews. This gives his book added readability and makes it something more than just a reference work. Of course, it also subjects the reader to the author's often highly subjective opinions (the homosexual undertones of Cary Grant's performance in *Only Angels Have Wings*, the fact that a Joan Crawford claqué circa-Susan And God consisted of "mental spinsters of all ages, social status and gender," etc.). But all in all, *The Films of Rita Hayworth* succeeds admirably in recounting one of the most intriguing of all Hollywood careers.

A reference book and a non-book based on vintage fan magazines: film researcher Paul A.

Scaramazza has compiled a paper-bound volume called *Ten Years in Paradise*, consisting of *Photoplay* magazine's capsule comments on every feature film reviewed in the period 1921-1930. This was a time when *Photoplay* was the leading magazine for American filmgoers—a far cry from the gossip publication masquerading under the same name today. Under the editorship of James R. Quirk, *Photoplay* both dictated and reflected the attitudes of its readers, and having access to its one-line comments on films of the

fails to make us laugh, we are going right out and order a nice, large, beautifully engraved tombstone. . . *Pay Day* made even the ushers laugh in the theater where we saw it. Ushers see a picture more times than anybody else, excepting the policemen." And of the early talkie *Morocco*: "The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this." That's *Photoplay*, and this fine collection is irresistible reading for silent-film buffs. It's published at \$5.95 by the movie bookshop Cinemabilia, 10 West 13th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Cinema of the Fantastic by Chris Steinbrunner and Burt Goldblatt (Galahad, \$4.95) is another well-written and intelligent study of fifteen classic films from the horror/sci-fi/supernatural catalogue: *Metropolis*, *Freaks*, *King Kong*, *Bride of Frankenstein*, *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea*, *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*, and several more. Author Steinbrunner captures the feel of each film and provides a historical setting for both the specific movie and the elements of the fantastic it projects. Designer Goldblatt adds stills and frame blow-ups to illustrate Steinbrunner's discussions, the quality of which singles this book out from among the many slicker, less inspired efforts on the same subject.

[Reviewer Maltin's latest book is the 1975 edition of *TV Movies*, a fingertip guide to 10,000 films shown on television; published by Signet in paperback at \$2.75]

(Continued on page 113)



1920s gives both the casual reader and the film scholar a valuable indication of how these movies were received at that time. Here are two examples to whet your appetite. Of *Pay Day* (1921) *Photoplay* writes, "If we ever get to the point where Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 95)

along. And bringing along the woman's movement distinctly alters Catherine's character. Ten years ago, she was an extraordinary woman. In college we may have recognized the truth of her predicament, but few of us planned to live and die as she did.

Today, the fact that many more women admit their need for a variety of relationships, doesn't make Catherine less grand or less sad. She is, if anything, more true and more relevant. But she is no longer unique, a minor disaster for a character whose charm depends on the fact that she is a bit *outree*. *Jules et Jim* seen now is neither better nor worse than it was in the mid-'60s: just different.

Fortunately, of course, there are aspects of all film which no outside forces can alter: the spaces between the characters, for example, and the intimacy those spaces create. This becomes increasingly important as more and more directors seem to care less and less about intimacy between men and women. It's almost necessary now to retreat to the European filmmakers of the 1960s, if one happens to hunger for a quiet, heterosexually shared moment. And, to do justice to Claude Lelouch, one of the best is his *A Man and a Woman*.

In one of the truly rare sequences in Western film, his man and woman come together, after about two-thirds of the film, in a long-awaited embrace. But instead of showing the kiss, Lelouch gives his lovers their privacy and films a young dog frolicking on a beach, near the waves. It is one of the few passionate film kisses I for one don't mind missing, a kiss that almost deserves to be kept from the public.

Of course I grew up in the black slip era and I do have a weakness for some cinematic romance now and then. Undoubtedly younger audiences seeing *A Man and a Woman* for the first time now will find the whole thing hopelessly, sordidly sentimental. But then, since they were raised on mad housewives, women under the influence, and *Emmanuelle*, who can blame them? □

(Continued from page 92)

reverie, bares her breasts, and tries the same means of pleasure. The scene is indubitably erotic, but it is combined with story meaning. *Emmanuelle*, soon enough, will give way to her lesbian inclinations. This is the first step, masturbating with the girl's gaze upon her.

All this is a far cry from what happens in the hard-core film, where the acts that occur have little or no motivation. For the first or second time hard-core viewer, there can be surprise, shock, and curiosity about these goings-on, followed by boredom.

Of one thing there is no doubt: that the film public has an unsated appetite for the erotic possibilities of cinema. *Last Tango in Paris* did not achieve its enormous box-office grosses because of its sad story of a mature man's sorrow over the loss of his wife. The queues resulted from the vaunted eroticism in the film, and from the fact that one of the screen's greatest actors and most important stars engaged in a variety of sex acts more frankly than hitherto seen in a film of artistic quality. No matter that Brando never revealed his equipment for the acts, so to speak. The indications were enough.

Two authors of a study made of the stag film visited the Kinsey Institute some years ago to view its vaunted collection. One reported: "We sat there hour after hour, day after day, viewing these then prohibited films. At first it was novel, seeing things that no public movie house dared show, but after awhile we found ourselves commenting less on the action than on the various kinds of tattoos on the bodies of the males, the sizes of the penises, the efforts made by the women to keep those penises erectile, the unreal positions of the bodies made necessary because of the exigencies of lighting and the need to get the camera close to the organs. We noted that the men felt it necessary to keep their socks on, usually black, and then found our attention wandering to the furnishings of the rooms in which the action took place. After

the first few films, the erotic effect was nil. The effect on my own sex life was adverse. But, after awhile, when the films were forgotten, it returned to normal."

A film critic friend was asked by a 40 year old woman editor of his publication what films she ought to see. He suggested *The Fox*, which was then in release. The next day she thanked him profusely for the suggestion. "Then you liked the film," he said. "It wasn't that so much," she confessed. "It was what happened afterwards. I hadn't made love with my husband for three months. But after the film..." Her expression told it all. And I cite the case as an illustration of the sometimes salutary effect on marital relations from the viewing of the erotic.

In these libertarian days, the acts accompanying sexual pleasure are widely regarded as natural and healthy. "Everybody," stated Rene Guyon in his *The Ethics of Sexual Acts*, "has the right to exercise quite freely his own preferences in matters of sex, so long as he is guilty of no violence or deceit to others; the right to sexual satisfaction is just as inalienable as the right to eat." A recent resigned president might regard the above statement as "morally bankrupt," the words he used in denouncing a report made by a Presidential Commission that stressed the relative harmlessness of pornography, but his own morally bankrupt actions would seem to lessen him as an authority. The rights mentioned by Guyon clearly extend to the viewing of erotic cinema. But while hard-core films have helped to open the formerly taboo gates, it appears to this viewer that they represent a dead end direction: *Emmanuelle*, with its lush photography and exquisite participants, leads to a much broader avenue. "The mind," Raquel Welch once told David Frost during his talk program, "is the most important erotic zone." When the erotic film takes to stimulating the mind and the imagination of the viewer, instead of merely showing him and her what used to be known as private parts, it will begin to come of age. In that sense, *Emmanuelle* can be regarded as a breakthrough film. □

Alain Delon

(Continued from page 100)

now and there hasn't been a word of dialogue. That's good enough for me. I'll do the film. What's the title?" *Le Samourai*, I told him. Without a word he signaled me to follow him. He led me to his bedroom; all it contained was a leather couch and a samurai's lance, sword, and dagger."

In 1968 when Delon was filming *The Swimming Pool* in St. Tropez with Romy Schneider (they worked together again in *The Assassination of Trotsky*—1972) there began the Markovic murder mystery, still unsolved, and what Delon calls "this great stinking mess." Stefan Markovic, 31, who reputedly went in for pandering, pornographic photography and blackmail, and who also worked as Delon's bodyguard and sometime stand-in, was found murdered on a Paris garbage heap. The police ascertained that Markovic had left his quarters in Delon's luxurious mansion shortly before he met his death, first thought to be from a beating, then later when the body was exhumed, it was discovered he'd been shot in the head.

Complicating matters for Delon and his wife was a letter Markovic had previously sent to his brother Alexander, warning that if Stefan should wind up dead, Alexander should "address" himself to Delon as well as Francois Marcantoni, a friend of Delon and an ex-gangster. Delon, his wife, and Marcantoni were questioned by the police for hours. And for months there were the murky clouds of suspicion, rumor, and threats. Yet two weeks after the scandal first broke, Delon was named on the list of the "Ten Men Most Admired by Frenchmen" in a national poll. Now, of course, the storm has passed. But then there never has been a solution either.

"Delon's friendship with gangsters has always been a subject of fascination in France," wrote Judy Klemsrud in her article "The French Think He's Good When He's Bad" in the *Sunday New York Times* August 16, 1970. "Why does he fraternize with the

underworld? It's probably something you wouldn't understand," he says a bit testily. "It's a question of origin. I myself am Corsican, and in places like that they still have a sense of honor and the given word. That's something that is missing in 1970." He says he is aware that gangsters are often involved in despicable things like drugs, prostitution, gambling, extortion, and loan-sharking. "I don't worry about what a friend does," he explains. "Each one is responsible for his own act. It doesn't matter what he does. Most of them... the gangsters I know... were my friends before I became an actor."

In 1968 when he was in St. Tropez someone told Delon he was mentioned in a book about gangsters in Marseille. And Delon told Sydney Edwards of the *London Evening Standard* in April of 1970, "I bought the book to see what they said about me. Maybe I could sue. Instead, I came across a chapter about two gangsters who took over Marseille in the 1930s." The result: the picture *Borsalino*, which had what Edwards called "the most staggering success in France" and brought Delon renewed popularity after the bad publicity around the Markovic case. Edwards went to see Delon about the bust-up of the friendship between Jean-Paul Belmondo and Delon, apparently over billing. Delon's name appears twice on the bill as producer and star and Belmondo's only once. Edwards wrote: "Delon, in blue English blazer, grey flannels and roll-top sweater, speaking English with an American accent, talks in his own office in a Paris backstreet near the Avenue Montaigne... His own office is an elegant-looking room, all white and green marble and a red velvet couch. He sits behind a large desk with a bookcase behind him."

The problem? "It is still going on," Delon told Edwards wearily. "It is very difficult to be friends with him now. It seems he has only just discovered I'm the producer. He knew right from the beginning. It's a kind of *l'amour propre* (self love) on his part."

And then he talked confidently of his film and his success and about his future as a film-maker. "France is too small for me. I

don't see why there should be any barriers in movies. I want to make a film with Steve McQueen or with Albert Finney, or Paul Belmondo and Paul Newman. I'd even make a film with a Japanese."

Another picture Delon made the same year as *Borsalino* was *The Sicilian Clan*, reteaming him with Jean Gabin as the aged, wanting-to-retire crook and Delon as a killer. It opened in Paris on Dec. 5, 1969, ran there for 17 weeks. In this film Delon as Roger Sartet had the line: "Nobody takes me seriously even with a gun in my hand. I guess I don't have the face for it."

Delon's latest film to open in Paris is *Borsalino* and Co., his Adel Films release.

The *Variety* reviewer from Paris (Mosk.) wrote on Nov. 5, 1974, "Delon has produced and starred in a sequel to his hit gangster pic, *Borsalino*. Savvy launching should have this repeating on its homeground although it is too schematic for more than payoff possibilities in other sophisticated marts..."

But Delon had told *Films Illustrated*, "I don't really want to make gangster films with myself in them. Someone else will offer me that kind of role. I find myself more and more attracted towards production and hope to concentrate on it even more in the future. It is the kind of creation I like."

In his two most recently completed films, Delon has moved away from the gangster mold. He plays *Don Juan* in one movie. And then there's that famous masked bandit, *Zorro*. Know why he did *Zorro*? For a very good reason, according to the French magazine, *Cine Revue*. Because his son Anthony pointed out to him one day that he never made films for children.

The future? As Delon once told Bean, "Very soon there will almost be no such thing as major French, Italian or American films... Producers will not just be using foreign actors to ensure a sale in a certain country, but using the whole world as cast agency, story department—and audience. The pictures will be in English, as that is the most common language, and the majority based in Hollywood." □

The Wilder Life & Others



Gene Wilder fondles Peter Boyle in a scene from *Young Frankenstein*.

By Army Archerd

"HE'S LOSING his Alberto Sordi, I'm losing my Fellini." Thus a sad Gene Wilder departed Hollywood—and Mel Brooks—to start directing his first film, *Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother*, with production starting in April at Shepperton Studios in England.

"He's the one who got me in this," Wilder credited (?) Brooks. "I mean this directing thing. When we were making *Young Frankenstein*, he kept telling me 'I'm doing this' or 'We'll cut it this way.' He must have had a sixth sense that I would direct *Sherlock* next."

Wilder expects to spend six months making *Holmes* with his *Frankenstein* co-stars Marty Feldman and Madeline Kahn rejoining him. The new locale may also help Wilder recover from the shock of his marital breakup.

Mel Brooks, now contemplating a film about Hollywood, doesn't know whom to choose for his next star. "I always go with the story first—then cast, except with Gene. He is first for anything. He could play—Marlene Dietrich."

Brooks could be seen regularly at Westwood Village's AVCO theatre where *Young Frankenstein* had its long, long run. "I love to walk up the aisle from the screen and watch the audience. They're like a Chagall painting. Once, during Marty Feldman's bit at Pennsylvania Station, a fat lady got out of her seat and started to dance and laugh in the aisle!"

Brooks' greatest compliment came one evening at a Hollywood party when Billy Wilder said to him, "I'm a big fan of yours." He also told him that Frank Sinatra ran *Blazing Saddles* in his Palm Springs compound for his group of film connoisseurs.

The Beatles' *Hard Day's Night* producer, Walter Shenson, reveals that he first offered the scripting job on that film to Mel



The irrepressible Mel Brooks as he appeared in *The Twelve Chairs*.

Brooks, but he turned it down to work on *The Producers*. "But I knew there was a great deal of humor in Brooks' way back then," Shenson says, "When his opening sentence to me when we met was 'Did you know Hitler was a good dancer?' By the way, Shenson recalls that *Hard Day's Night* was scripted by Alun Owen back in 1964. "People think the Beatles just got out there and winged it with director Dick Lester, but it was the script that was so good. The picture was an on-again-off-again project until Owen would agree to do it."



It's the spartan life for Redford at his Sundance, Utah hideaway.

"It's like being in the North Pole," said producer Richard Zanuck after he and his family visited Robert Redford and his clan at their Sundance, Utah hideaway. "If you want to use a phone," said Zanuck, who has need for one regularly during the almost endless production of

Jaws, "you have to stand in line with all the locals down in the village!" (P.S.—Zanuck stood in line as *Jaws* moved from its Atlantic Ocean locations in Cape Cod to the Pacific off San Pedro, then up to the man-made lake on the back lot at Universal, finally ending up in the tank at MGM. That stage is the same one used by those brave souls who sailed—and sailed—and sailed some more on the H.M.S. *Bounty*—the second voyage, that is, under captain Trevor Howard and his rebellious officer, temporarily British-accented Marlon Brando.)



Paul Newman missed a French hom-age to his notable looks and charm.

It was one of those fun, end-of-the-film parties where all differences of rank disappear—after the crew and stars down a couple of drinks, that is. This happy group was "*The Drowning Pool*" troupe, headed by star Paul Newman. Newman's co-star and wife, Joanne Woodward, wasn't on hand, however—she had to return to Conn. to put their kids in school. And this is what she missed: producers Larry Turman

and Dave Foster assembled the usual reel of hysterical (?) out-takes from the film. You know the kind—the star blows a line, looks directly at the camera, crosses his eyes, and says something like "Oh sh—!" Well, this reel had everyone in stitches with the expected footage. Then suddenly, a clip from *Emmanuelle* (also distributed by Columbia) flashed on screen. No one understood why Sylvia Kritel showed up on the *Drowning Pool* takes until—aha!—along came the scene in which she masturbates to a photo of Paul Newman. That's what you missed, Joanne.

Screenwriter I.A.L. Diamond has collaborated with Billy Wilder in many of his films such as *The Front Page*, *The Apartment*, *Some Like It Hot*, *Irma La Douce*, etc., but no writing pleased Diamond more than *The Chicken Chronicles*, written by his 22-year-old son Paul, which was sold to Paramount. Young Diamond proved he had his father's flare for humor when he was told of the studio sale. He asked Diamond-pere, "Does this mean I lose my allowance?"

In typical Hollywood fashion, the Diamonds and the Walter Shensons have known each other since Paul was born, but when the time came for young Diamond's story to be perused for films, Shenson found that young Diamond was already represented by Irving "Swift" Lazar who had made the deal with Paramount.

No one seems to get the message in Hollywood; Jimmy Cagney just doesn't want to make another movie—for anyone at any price. Cagney still owns choice

acreage in the heart of Beverly Hills' Coldwater Canyon and commutes between the Coast and Cape Cod when the respective climates are choice. He paints, writes his memoirs and reads. But his reading doesn't include scripts, plays, or anything smelling of a role aimed at him. He won't even open mail containing a script. "I just don't want to work any more," he said.

Despite this pronouncement, however, Cagney continues to be offered choice roles. Last year, he was asked to co-star with Jack Benny in *The Sunshine Boys*. He refused, and Red Skelton was chosen to play the role. Skelton pulled out, Walter Matthau fell in, and Jack Benny died. Again director Herb Ross tried to get Cagney. I asked Cagney for Ross. Cagney's answer: "No way. I took the veil in 1961 and I called it a day."

Kim Novak, sex goddess of the late 50s, remains single in her solitary (sometimes) splendor in Big Sur, Calif., occasionally coming in to Hollywood as she did last year for a movie (this time for TV). She immediately returned to her menagerie of animals—almost all females—and admitted, "I just don't get along with males."

Jack Nicholson prides the dual award he received from the New York Critics for his performances in *The Last Detail* and *Chinatown*. Nicholson said, "At least I know those who voted for me saw those pictures." He is among the corps of actors nominated, but still un-won, in the Oscar derby, who claim that many of the Academy members never see the films on which they vote. He wants a



Two of filmdom's sex symbols, Jack Nicholson and Valerie Perrine, have some gripes to air: Nicholson on the Academy Awards and Valerie on the press.

system devised whereby each voter must show proof that he's seen nominees' work. And good luck to you, Jack.

Ryan O'Neal admits he has one regret. "I should have been a fighter, not an actor." Meanwhile, the wealthy actor keeps his mitts in the fight game as part owner of welterweight Hedgemon Lewis.

Valerie Perrine told me she's had it with reading quotes attributed to her, "when they never even talked to me." And furthermore, she's had it with those interviewers who are on the Sex Question Kick. How about this one, Val? When one reporter asked her how old she was when she developed breasts, Valerie replied, "And how old were you when you first jerked off?" □



(Continued from page 99)

Stardust

IT'S BEEN eleven years since *A Hard Day's Night* made a lot of formerly cynical adults realize that perhaps there was something more to The Beatles than just a lot of screaming. In the ensuing decade a hell of a lot has happened to all of us, and the changing face of the late 1960s and early 70s is easily reflected in the Beatles' evolution as solo performers. But the fascination of the Beatles phenomenon, and how their enormous success affected them as human beings, persists to this day, even though the group stopped functioning as a foursome several years ago.



Stardust is a finely-honed presentation, valid and satisfying.

Stardust is not about the Beatles, but it *could* be. This British film traces the rise and fall of a 1960s rock group called The Stray Cats, and the ascendancy to superstardom of its lead singer, Jim MacLaine. Characters surrounding MacLaine figure as importantly in the narrative as the "hero" himself, however, as we see that he has almost no control over his own life. He is bought, sold, and manipulated by others, and ironically, it is only when he breaks loose and tries to assert himself that he falters, and sows the seeds of his own destruction.

MacLaine is played by David Essex, who limned the same

character in an earlier film called *That'll Be the Day*. His boyish good looks are (perhaps deliberately) reminiscent of Paul McCartney in the film's opening scenes, and the overall freshness he projects makes his rapid and ravenous decline all the more upsetting. The casting is superb, for Essex (now enjoying great popularity as a recording star in real life) is totally credible as a somewhat innocent boy who is taken over the coals in his rise to success.

A strong supporting cast includes a former rock star, Adam Faith, as MacLaine's quietly coniving road manager. Watching his hard-edged but vulnerable face as he tries to handle the increasing pressures of piloting his client and "friend" is one of *Stardust's* great fascinations. Larry Hagman is enjoyable in a more caricatured

role as a blustery Texas-style promoter, while Dave Edmunds and drummer Keith Moon are the most intriguing members of the Stray Cats group. A beautiful young French girl named Ines de Longchamps, making her film debut, unfortunately lacks the vigor to make the most of her important role, as a girlfriend who inspires MacLaine to attempt more ambitious musical works.

Director Michael Apted's long television experience is revealed in the film's immediacy—and in his decision to play several key scenes from the point of view of a television director in his control room. This format also cleverly underscores the manufactured

nature of a Jim MacLaine in our media-manipulated society.

Jim Connolly's screenplay rambles somewhat in the final portion of the film, which lacks the excitement of the opening half; there is also an inevitability in MacLaine's downfall that tends to make this denouement seem more protracted than it really is.

Whether or not Messrs. McCartney, Lennon, Harrison, and Starr would find *Stardust* a realistic depiction of the rock-hype world is debatable, especially since all four gentlemen are alive and well. But to this viewer, at least, the film seems to be talking straight, and in its finely-honed presentation creates an impact that makes the film a valid and satisfying experience. —L.M.

Young Frankenstein

THE HAUNTING STRAINS of a sad gypsy violin, the eerie Transylvania countryside, a bolt of lightning illuminating Frankenstein Castle, and a seven-foot monster hoofing it across the stage in top hat and tails, and a... Hold it—Frankenstein in tails?

In *Young Frankenstein* the old classic film has been retailored to suit Brother Brook's style. And the dressing up of Mel Brooks characters in creeps' clothing isn't at all bad. Having tried to subvert the musical in *The Producers* and pervert the western in *Blazing Saddles*, Chutzpah King Mel Brooks has now taken another venerable genre into his maniacally loving caress. But this time the film is as much an homage to as a parody of its target. If anything, Brooks and co-writer/actor Gene Wilder seem to cherish, not ridicule, the original, like a fond boyhood memory. So much the better for the film, and the audience. Unlike *Blazing Saddles* (which reportedly left folks in Peoria scratching their heads), this film has a discernible plot and consistent characters. It is as if Brooks and Wilder wish us never to forget just what it is they're making fun of, or rather, having fun with.

All of the essential elements of the 1931 version are brought back with a new, Brooksonian twist to the old twisted minds and bodies and

(Continued from page 106)

New In Paperback

Donald Bogle's *Toms, Coons, Mulattoes, Mammies, and Bucks* (Bantam, \$2.25) is an outstanding chronicle of blacks in American films. What sets this book apart from at least one similar endeavor is that Bogle has actually seen the films he discusses; moreover, he brings to his critiques a healthy combination of contemporary awareness and historical perspective, whether discussing Stepin Fetchit in the 1930s or Sidney Poitier in the 1960s.

On a less enthusiastic note, Bernard Rosenberg and Harry Silverstein's *The Real Tinsel* has just been paperbacked by Collier at \$3.95. First published in 1970, this hefty volume consists of interviews with various contributors to Hollywood history—producers, directors, actors, a cameraman, a writer, a music director, a stuntman, etc. The roster is impressive (Hal Roach, Adolph Zukor, Walter Wagner, Conrad Nagle, Blanche Sweet, Fritz Lang, Max Steiner) but the authors, who are sociologists and not film researchers, merely had their interviewees ramble on at will, without steering them in any direction whatsoever. As a result, their subjects talk about isolated incidents they remember and either gloss over or totally ignore some of the most important (and interesting) aspects of their careers. The secret of a worthwhile interview is asking the right questions, and it is that lack that makes *The Real Tinsel* a disappointment.

This non-book culled from similar source material is *Holly-Would* (Arlington House, \$7.95) by John Milton Hagen. This one assembles all those ridiculous and mostly useless items that used to clutter up fan magazine columns, to wit: "Pola Negri always wears sandals, even for evening and has a hundred pairs. She plays the harp and is an expert whistler" or "Bruce Cabot has the reputation of being the most kissed man in

Hollywood." Of more value are the reprints of Peg Murray's memorable King Features panels of the 1930s, using the same kind of material but adding Ripley-like illustrations. The term "coffee-table book" is usually reserved for oversized, over-priced efforts, but more accurately describes the potential appeal of *Holly-Would*, which is meant strictly for browsing enjoyment.

During the past decade, the name of John Ford has grown in stature among film buffs and students to the point where it means more, perhaps, than any other in American cinema. During this time the major source of material has been Peter Bogdanovich's fine but tantalizingly brief volume *John Ford* (University of California Press), which consists mainly of a lengthy interview with the director and an exhaustively researched filmography. A few years ago John Baxter's *The Cinema of John Ford* (A.S. Barnes) was published, covering a selection of key films with thoughtful and concise analyses.

Now comes J.A. Place's *The Western Films of John Ford* (Citadel, \$12.00) which really does the director justice by limiting its goals to an in-depth discussion of each of his 17 (existing) Westerns. There are no frills—quotes from the director, interviews with associates—just one unified critical approach to his work, accompanied by an abundant supply of photos that ideally complement the text.

Ms. Place writes clearly and intelligently on these films, which include such milestones as *Three Bad Men*, *Stagecoach*, *My Darling Clementine*, *Tort Apache*, *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon*, and *The Searchers*. Her principal interest is in Ford's thematic consistency, but she understands that in his films this is reflected through a subtle interweaving of style and content, and discusses the various elements that contribute to create the finished product. *The Western Films of John Ford* is intended as an adjunct to viewing his work, and it rewards the serious viewer with insights and ideas that enhance his appreciation of these American classics. □

trees. Wilder, as the curse-ridden grandson of the infamous doctor, arrives in Transylvania on a predictably foggy, damp night, only to ask a shoeshine boy, "Pardon me, boy, is this the Transylvania station?" Later, when the Monster (Peter Boyle) grabs his creator by the throat, Wilder's mute command for a sedative injection becomes a ludicrously time-consuming game of charades with his assistants. Igor, the humpback with a curiously mobile hump, is played with uncanny timing by Marty Feldman. The other assistant, voluptuous Inga, is played by Teri Garr, who wisely underacts so as not to distract any dirty old viewers from the more obvious reasons for her presence.

As usual, Brook's comic style depends on absurdly free association, which in this case yields more hits than misses, even as it challenges us to keep score. The most sustained comic bit—which is funnier than it has any right to be—is a slapstick parody by Gene Hackman of the blind-man sequence in the original. Less successful than would be expected



Madeline Kahn, the up-tight fiancée.

is the part of Madeline Kahn as the up-tight fiancée who eventually gets unhinged by the monster. Her role is largely a clichéd remake of her Eunice in *What's Up, Doc?* and provides little new challenge for her prodigious talents. On the other hand, Peter Boyle adds new dimensions to the cliché of poor, misunderstood monster, in a performance that ranks among the best in movie monster history.

As for Gene Wilder—I love that sensitive face too much to appreciate the manic extremes to which the plot often pushes him. But no matter, it's a part Gene Wilder was born to play, and it's a pleasure to report that *Frankenstein* was a movie Mel Brooks was born to remake. —E.W. □

Coming Next Issue:

HOW DO NOVELS BECOME FILMS?

By Hollis Alpert

Novels are the keys to the box office of the cinema kingdom.

THE CONTINUED SAGA OF THE NEW YORK EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL

By Ken Gaul

Producer of two festivals, Ken Gaul likes to view himself as somewhere between the Frank Capra and the Duddy Kravits of Eroticism.

THE NEW VIOLENCE

By Charles Champlin

Turned on by blood and violence? If so, the current trend in films is right up your (dark) alley.

PLUS:

Arthur Knight's sojourn at the New Orleans Adult Film Festival.

Anne Head's profile of Romy Schneider.

Interviews with new stars: Melanie Griffith and Susan Blakely.

Reviews, Previews and Much More.

ON SALE APRIL 17

Meet Marika

(Continued from page 76)

the Swedes don't have inhibitions about nudity. Nor was it strange to me. I'd appeared nude in certain sequences in other films of a dramatic nature. But I don't agree with you that Bee, the role I play, is necessarily bi-sexual. It's Emmanuelle who becomes so intrigued with lesbianism. Bee accepts the relationship temporarily because of her liking for Emmanuelle, that is, until she realizes that Emmanuelle is falling in love with her and that she must send her away.

Editors: Would you do such a film again?

Marika: Yes, certainly, but only if it's in this direction rather than the kind that shows the entire sex act. Then it would no longer be acting for me, and I wouldn't be interested. I see a great difference between eroticism and pornography. The latter not only doesn't interest me, I wouldn't care to see it. In fact, I've never seen what Americans call a hard-core film.

Editors: But you're in favor of what you call erotic filmmaking?

Marika: Yes, of the kind that *Emmanuelle* represents, where some imagination is left in the minds of the audience. That really is the most important element in eroticism, it seems to me—leaving something to the imagination. I'm sure such films have a future. Just Jaeckin, for instance, will next do *The Story of O*, which so many have wanted to make. I've had a feeling that whoever wrote *Emmanuelle* was influenced by *The Story of O*. They have rather similar patterns.

Editors: Were there any unusual problems encountered during the filming of *Emmanuelle*? Compared to current hard-core American films, which are usually shot in a week or so, *Emmanuelle* looks as though it took much more time.

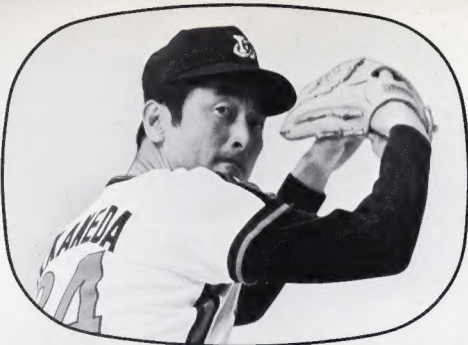
Marika: Yes, it was the normal feature shooting schedule of several weeks. It was almost entirely shot in and around Bangkok, and we did run into problems. The Thai people were concerned

that we might be making the country appear relaxed about erotic goings-on, so they kept an eye on us. Not that they don't have it. You'll remember the scene in a nightclub that shows a nude girl smoking a cigarette in a most odd way. Well, there was such an act, and it took place in a sleazy nightclub, of which there are several, most of them on the third floor of a building. The reason for that is, should the police arrive to stop the goings-on there is time to get word upstairs and have the girls put their panties on. Complete nudity, you see, isn't allowed in public exhibitions. Our director made the scene much more chic than it would have been in actuality. Even so, it was felt it might be a little too strong for France, and the producer wanted to cut it, but it was finally left in because of its exotic quality. Our biggest trouble occurred during the shooting of the waterfall scene, most of which you didn't see. Emmanuelle has fallen in love with Bee; they're out in the country, hot and perspiring, and so they remove their clothes to cool off under the waterfall. While in the midst of shooting it, the police arrived, confiscated the film in the camera, and I was taken to the police station, where I spent a full day before a fine was paid by the producers to the authorities. And that accounts for why there is a sudden cut in that scene between Bee and Emmanuelle. If Jaeckin had stuck to the book, it wouldn't have happened because as originally written the scene occurred in a shower. By changing it to the outdoors, he lost it entirely.

Editors: Are hard-core films shown anywhere in France, or does *Emmanuelle* represent the limits of permissiveness?

Marika: The only place you can see hard-core films is in Cannes, during festival time. The producers bring them there, then, and show them in the back street cinemas. Otherwise *Emmanuelle* is about as frank as would be accepted. But isn't that a benefit, in a way? It encourages such films to be more tasteful and aesthetic in showing the erotic. Why not be that way about what is so important an aspect of living? □

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: Front Cover—Columbia Pictures; p 4—Columbia Pictures; pp 6-11—Mary Ellen Mark, Michael Childers; pp 12-15—Columbia Pictures; pp 16-20—Universal Pictures, Wide World, Movie Star News; pp 22-27—World Features, Inc; pp 28-35 Radley Metzger; pp 36-38 M.M. Chapiron, Alain Resnais; pp 40-45—Alan Greenberg, Columbia Pictures; pp 46-51—Movie Star News, French Film Office; pp 52-57—Alan Greenberg, Paramount Pictures; pp 58-60—Mel Brooks; pp 62-67—J.P. Bonnotte (Gamma); Movie Star News; pp 68-71—Scooter, Anton Perich; pp 73-74—Columbia Pictures; pp 77-81—Ron Fry; pp 82-85—World Features, Inc.; pp 87-91—Herb Rittsfield, Ken Gaul; pp 93-95—French Film Office, Movie Star News; pp 97-99—Paramount Pictures, 20th Century Fox; pp 109-111—Movie Star News.



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